JUNE 16, 1980 $1.25

TIME

THE RECESSION
Deep and Nasty

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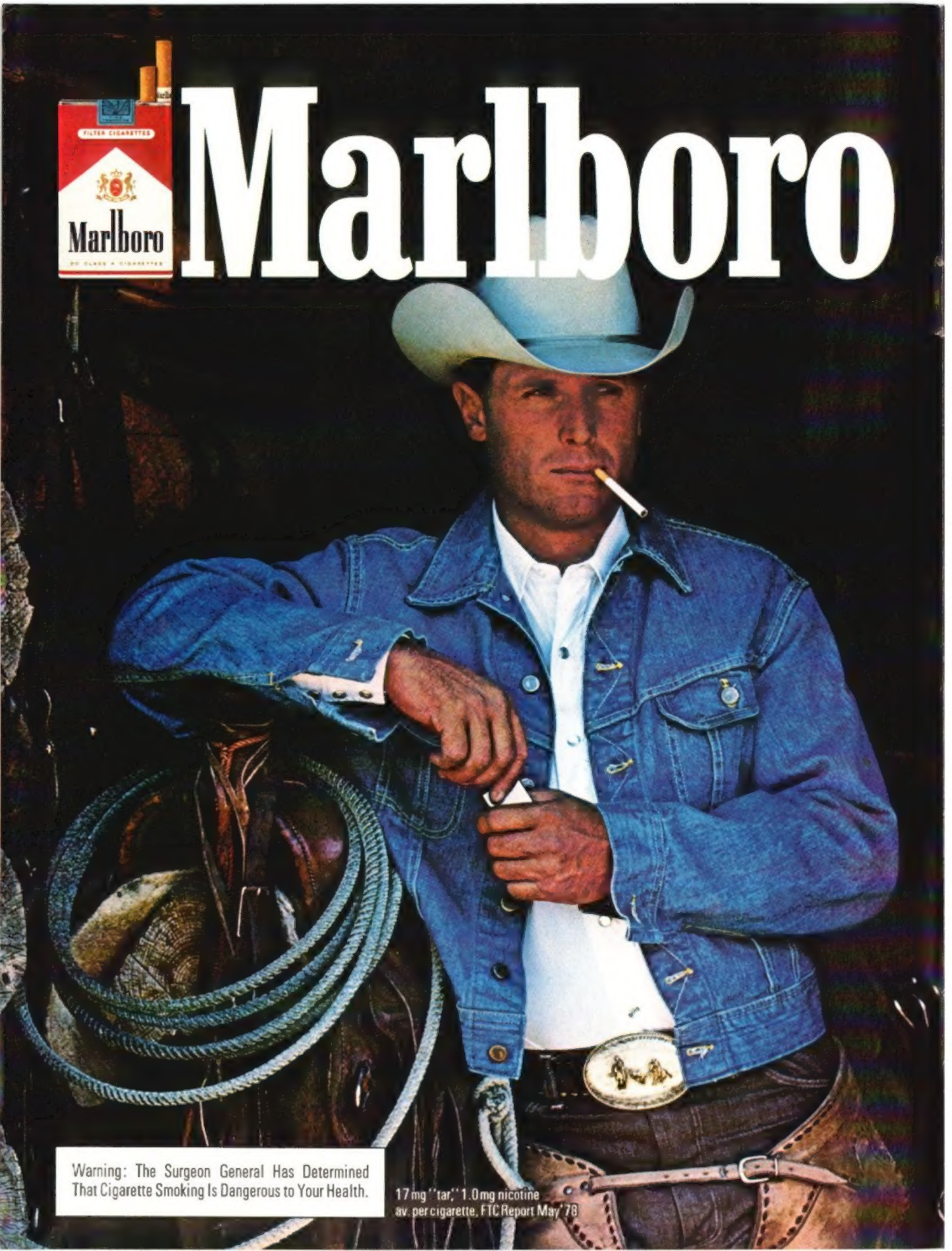
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GROWING OLD: A GROWING PROBLEM

BURLINGTON, Vermont—America is getting older. The number of retirement-age people gets bigger every year. And the problems that they face get tougher every year. The high cost of food, housing, hospital, medical and nursing-home care is taking a terrible toll. Poverty, despair and mental illness among the elderly are on the rise.

In three separate series, William H. Braun, staff reporter for The Burlington Free Press, a Gannett newspaper, investigated the growing problems of growing old in America—and described to the citizens of Vermont new ways to solve them.

These series showed how programs for the aging that stress prevention can be more effective than those that stress treatment. They revealed how nursing homes can be wrong for many older people because they can make them feel unwanted and abandoned, unable to make their own choices. Many of these people simply surrender to despair. Better solutions can be home health services, adult day-care centers and congregate homes, in which a small number of older people live together and make their own choices and decisions in a more home-like atmosphere.

Each series built public awareness of increasing problems for the elderly. Each drew appropriate praise from professionals in the field.

After one series concentrated on exposing problems in Vermont's community-care homes—which house the aged, mentally ill and retarded people—some homes were closed and tighter inspection programs were begun. The state began allocating more funds to aid the elderly.

All the people of Gannett take special pride in concerned journalism and community commitment like that expressed by Bill Braun and The Burlington Free Press.

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At Gannett, we have a commitment to freedom in every business we're in, whether it's newspaper, TV, radio, outdoor advertising, magazine, film production or public opinion research. Freedom rings throughout Gannett in news coverage, in editorial opinion, in public service. From Burlington to Boise, Danville to Denver, Pensacola to Phoenix, each Gannett member serves its community in its own way.

GANNETT

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WHERE FREEDOM SPEAKS

JUNE 16, 1980 Vol. 115 No. 24

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

To collect the research for this week's cover story on the troubled lot of America's teachers, TIME correspondents fanned out across the country to interview educators, sit in classrooms and personally observe their subjects at work. New York Correspondent Dorothy Ferenbaugh found one dedicated teacher who inspires her pupils to respect not only learning but also cleanliness; she personally keeps her classroom spotless. Miami Bureau Chief Richard Woodbury suffered through sweltering days in a windowless classroom in Clearwater, Fla., with a high school teacher and his restless, apathetic students. As the teacher told Woodbury, "Now you can see why some days I ask, 'What am I beating my head against the wall for?' "

Joelle Attinger at school

Many of the correspondents had seen the teaching crisis through the eyes of their own children in public schools. But in addition, a large number of TIME staff members involved in the story had themselves experienced the rewards and perils of teaching. Boston Correspondent Joelle Attinger once tutored at an inner-city grade school in Philadelphia. Linda Stern Rubin of TIME's Detroit bureau teaches a class in magazine writing at Wayne State University. Los Angeles Correspondent Robert Goldstein taught for two years in a South Bronx grade school and suffered a literal case of "teacher burnout." Returning from lunch one day, he found flames leaping from his classroom window.

Senior Editor Timothy Foote, who edited the story, taught a writing course at Yale University and English and French at a St. Louis prep school. Education Reporter-Researcher Jeanne-Marie North taught English in Medellín, Colombia, and Spanish at a small college in Illinois. Education Writer Kenneth Pierce was a lecturer in humanities at the University of Chicago for three years. "In those days I was torn between teaching and journalism," he says. "I would expound on Aristotle's *Poetics* in the morning and interview vice-squad detectives as a LIFE reporter in the afternoon." Civia Tamarkin of TIME's Midwest bureau was a high school English teacher for two years in Benton Harbor, Mich. Indeed, the story itself was first suggested by Tamarkin, who was frustrated at the poor instruction her daughter Elisa, now nine, was receiving in Chicago's public schools. "Her papers came home filled with the teacher's flagrant errors," she says. "How do you tell your child that contrary to what the teacher says, *pin* and *pen* are not homonyms?"

John a. Meyer

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Cover: Illustration by Guy Billout.

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Letters

Picasso's Genius

To the Editors:

In these times of riots, exploding mountains and angry Iranians, we *needed* to see Picasso on the cover of TIME [May 26]. The extraordinarily beautiful painting and accompanying article on Picasso and his art provided a blissful, if temporary escape.

James Burnett
Dallas

Robert Hughes' article was cogent, incisive, powerful—a word portrait worthy of Picasso's Picassos.

Edie Brown Eisenberg
Woodmere, N.Y.

You say, "The sense of the cubist moment can never come again." Let's fervently hope you are right. That such a hoax has lasted so long is a tragedy for serious painting.

Ken Downs Sr.
Islip, N.Y.

Picasso painted women as though he truly hated them. Maybe our woman-hating society has something to do with his immense popularity.

Julie Crofoot
Emporia, Kans.

Rioting in Miami

Although I smell a stench coming from the trial of the Miami ex-policemen [May 26], I cannot condone or respect the acts of those individuals who have used it as an excuse for murder, arson and pillage. What is destroyed in the end is not inequality, discrimination or injustice, but everyone's rights and freedoms.

Dan O'Brien
Anchorage

I am outraged at the recent acquittal of the four white policemen by an all-white jury in the brutal death of Arthur McDuffie. This mock trial has transported the state of Florida back to the days of the pre–civil rights South. Unfortunately, the phrase "justice for all" is not intended for all Americans.

Gayle B. Glazer
Orlando, Fla.

No Justice, No Peace

I was pleased that the story on the march for jobs, peace and justice [May 26] focused on the severe social and economic problems blacks and other minorities face in this country. Now we are faced not only with the cost of cleaning up Miami but also with the cost and lack of confidence in the justice system, and the continuing cost that poor education and lack of jobs engender.

Balance-the-budget hysteria must be preceded by a balance of trade and by balancing the scales of justice. No jobs, no justice. No justice, no peace. This is not a threat, it is therapy. It is not talking about the problems of jobs and justice that will interfere with peace in our cities but the failure to respond to the just demands of the poor.

(The Rev.) Jesse L. Jackson
President, Operation PUSH
Chicago

The Tito Rites (and Wrongs)

Why should we blame President Carter for his rare display of courage in withstanding pressures to attend Tito's funeral [May 19]? How could he, as a defender of human rights? Too many Serbs and Croats whose relatives have been persecuted by Tito's goons are still alive bearing witness to his inhumanity.

Kornelijs Purgalis
Seattle

The ERA Fight

In spite of losing the vote in Illinois, today's women do not intend to give up the battle for passage of the Equal Rights Amendment [May 26]. There can be no time limit on equality!

Colette Roberts
East Longmeadow, Mass.

I find Phyllis Schlafly's anti-ERA "logic" fascinating. She fears that her daughter will be drafted and treated as a "sexual playmate." Isn't the ERA a national acknowledgment that women are capable of being more than sexual playmates?

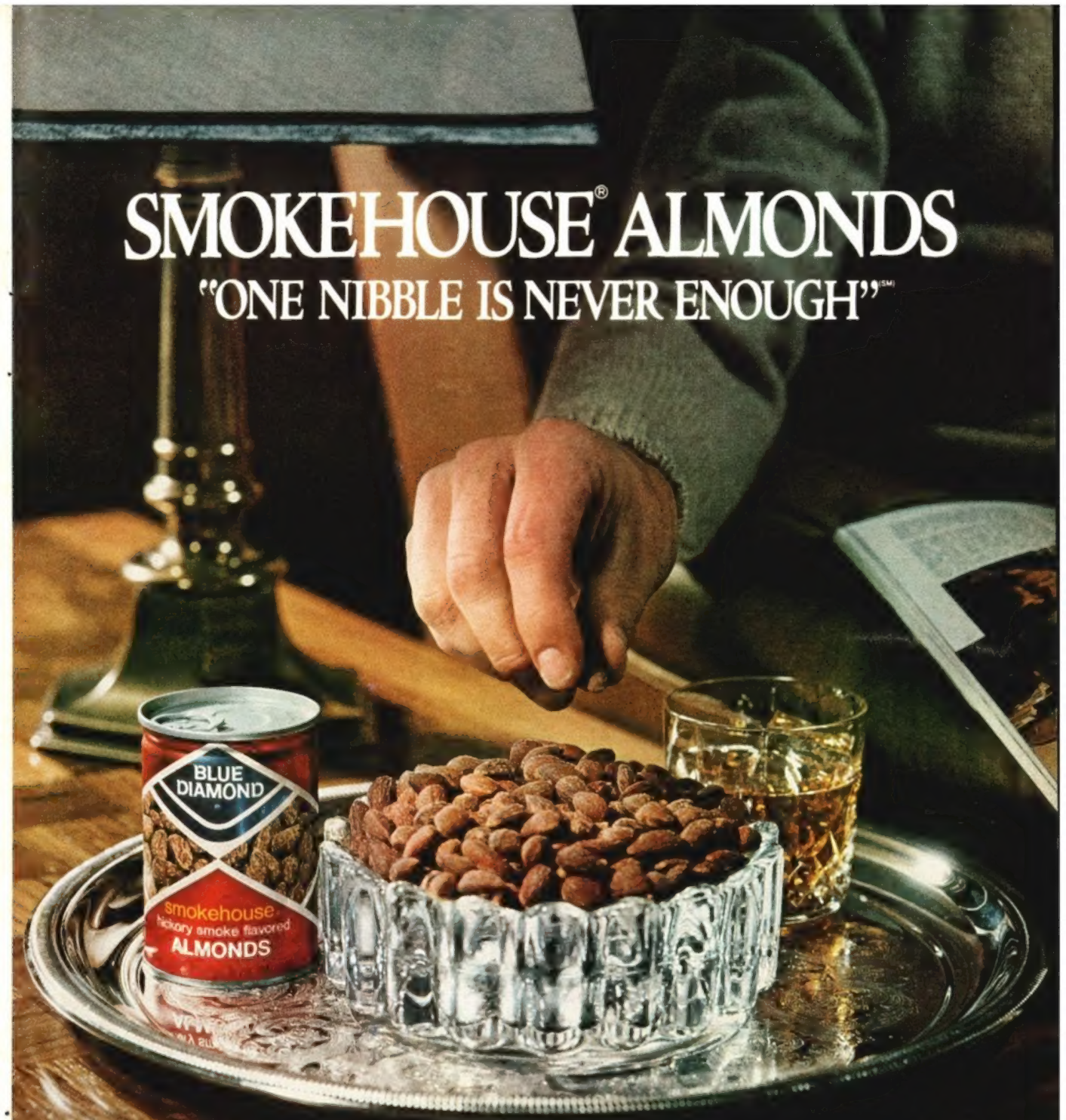
Susan Hoffman Adams
Lansing, Mich.

No real American is against equality, but plenty of us are against ERA.

Nancy Layton Skousen
Redlands, Calif.

Women at the Point

Why should women go to West Point [May 19], which should be training young officers for combat? The President has



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Letters

decreed that women will not be employed in a combat role, and, in the opinion of one old combat soldier, he is absolutely right.

Ian S. Johnston
Toronto

Cubans in the Melting Pot

Carter is welcoming the Cuban refugees [May 19] with open arms. Will those arms be open when they come to him for good jobs, housing and food?

Scott Ivins
Grenoble, France

The melting pot runneth over.

Susan Weber
Hazleton, Pa.

Why not put the Statue of Liberty in mothballs until we can assimilate the overload we are now carrying?

May Bradley
Castro Valley, Calif.

Repulsive Film

While your film critic Richard Schickel does list some of the unsavory images in the film *The Tin Drum* [April 28], he gives no warning of the many scenes that reduce sexual love to obscene bestiality and make women grosser than men in their lustfulness. It is a repulsive film.

Fitzroy Davis
Putnam, Conn.

Therapy Over the Air

The condescending tone of your article "Dial Dr. Toni for Therapy" [May 26] did your readers a disservice. They may have been entertained, but you failed to inform them that Dr. Grant's program is one of the most significant in the history of broadcasting.

Ray Sherman
Palmdale, Calif.

All hail Dr. Grant, whose sensitive (and affordably priced) on-the-air counseling has saved thousands thousands.

Angie Castagnola
San Pedro, Calif.

What this world doesn't need is a Dr. Toni. I cannot appreciate her glib solutions based on today's loose morals.

Marjorie Kranich
Horseshoe Bend, Ark.

Heavenly Windows

O Lord, who will wash the windows in the Rev. Robert Schuller's Crystal Cathedral [May 26]?

Ann Taylor
Mansfield, Pa.

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

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Guadeloupe	Boston, Mass.	Las Vegas, Nev.††	Salt Lake City, Utah
Haiti	Buffalo, N.Y.	Los Angeles, Calif.	San Antonio, Tex.
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Montego Bay	Charlotte, N.C.	Melbourne, Fla.	Sarasota,
Martinique	Chicago, Ill.	Miami,	Bradenton, Fla.
Puerto Rico	Cleveland, Ohio	Ft. Lauderdale,	Savannah, Ga.
San Juan	Columbia, S.C.	Hollywood, Fla.	Seattle,
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St. Lucia, W.I.	Corpus Christi, Texas	Minneapolis,	St. Louis, Mo.
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Mérida	Gainesville, Fla.	Orlando, Fla.	Wilkes-Barre,
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		Pensacola, Fla.	

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American Scene

In Virginia: Tears and MacArthichokes

The guests had plowed through *Hearts of MacArthichoke d'Inchon* and toyed with their *Filet de Sole au Yalu River*. They had survived bowls of *kimchi*, the mouth-searing concoction of pickled cabbage, hot peppers and garlic that is Korea's national dish. And now, with the speeches over, here they are, clustered around a piano in the Marriott Key Bridge Hotel, singing. Except for the gray in the hair, and a sagging of chests toward the belt line, the scene suggests (as it is meant to) a press billet in the city of Taegu, say, three decades ago when the United Nations forces were trying to hold the Pusan perimeter.

The melodies are old favorites like *The Battle Hymn of the Republic*, with not-so-old words.

Mine eyes have seen the censor
With my copy on his knee
He was crossing out the passages
That mean the most to me . . .

ROBERT SHERROW

Ex-Korea Correspondent James Michener and colleagues sing after supper

About 70 war correspondents, out of perhaps 400 who covered the Korean War, have turned up at the Marriott for a two-day reunion. Come June 25 it will be 30 years since the forces of North Korea's Kim Il Sung rolled south over the 38th parallel and started the first hot war of the cold war period. Everybody present (wives excepted) is over 50. Most are over 60 and several over 70; most celebrated among them, Novelist James Michener.

The name tags they wear identify them by the publications they used to work for. And in some ways this is a sadder reminder than age of the wear and tear in the newspaper business since Korea. Gone the New York *Herald Tribune* (d. 1966) and the Chicago *Daily News* (d. 1978). Gone is Hearst's old International News Service, merged in 1958 with the United Press to form U.P.I. (United Press International).

In Korea the rival agencies used to fight for headlines with newsbeats about hills taken or Chinese hordes repelled. ("How many Chinese in a horde?" the gag used to be.) With Wirephotos from Tokyo, still photographers regularly beat the infant TV industry; television cameramen had to ship their film halfway round the world to San Francisco, a 36-hour flight in those prop-driven days.

The Korean War's three biggest reporting stars could not appear. In 1951 they shared the Pulitzer Prize. One, Keyes Beech, of the Chicago *Daily News*, was in Bangkok. At 66, he is charging around Asia again, now for the Los Angeles *Times*. Homer Bigart, 72, of the defunct *Herald-Trib*, sent a message of regret. He was, he explained, temporarily toothless: "I am capable of putting down the martini, but I can't handle the olives." The third, Marguerite Higgins, who worked with Bigart on the *Trib*, died in 1966 at age 45, of a tropical bug caught in Viet Nam. These days, when reporters with pretty faces are all over the TV news, Maggie Higgins might not be the sensation she was in 1950. (In the new journalism neither might Bigart; he stutters.) But Maggie was the Korean War's most famous correspondent, even though unkind (or envious) colleagues accused her of using feminine wiles to get stories she might not have otherwise got. To silence this still famous argument at the reunion, one correspondent snaps: "Damn it, Maggie did it on ability. She was just a woman before her time."

Michener pays tribute to the facilities of the Tokyo Correspondents' Club. "You'd have to go back to the Gallic Wars and the environs of what became Paris," he declares, "to find its equal." But there are surprisingly few "war stories," though a few guests strap on helmets with WAR STORIES stenciled on them in large white letters.

Memories run instead to press lord penny-pinching. The gathered clan recalls that when I.N.S. correspondents, risking their necks for as little as $45 a week, cabled home asking for more money, I.N.S. Chief Barry Faris cabled back: "Forget the raises, we're making you guys famous." Memory also turns to the U.P.'s Earnest Hoberecht, who chartered a plane to use as a flying darkroom for his great scoop—photos of Tibet's young Dalai Lama fleeing the Chinese Communists. Hoberecht was savoring his triumph over the rival A.P. when rockets started whooshing in from headquarters in New York City. How come Hoberecht's Dalai Lama had hair, but later arriving A.P. pictures showed him bald? The answer: Hoberecht got the wrong lama.

General of the Army Douglas MacArthur is inevitably remembered by the press. Not fondly. But the correspondents assembled do give him backhanded credit for the occupation of Japan. There is also a consensus that Korea, as Michener put it, was the last war "in which the media and the public had no grave doubts." The circumstance of Communist invasion settled that.

Saturday veteran correspondents are driven to Arlington Cemetery to place a wreath. Eighteen correspondents were killed in Korea—a casualty rate proportionally more, it is claimed, than that of soldiers of the 16 U.N. countries that fought there. For newspapermen who so often in their working lives are overexposed to meaningless ceremony, the scene is strangely moving. The sentry in Army dress blues, who had been mechanically pacing up and down before the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, halts as Michener and former A.P. Photographer Max Desfor, another Pulitzer prizewinner, put down a wreath. Taps sound. A couple of correspondents are seen brushing tears from their eyes.

Afterward television crews converge on Michener, shoving long, sponge-padded microphones into his face, and asking about the Korean War. Seeing so many graybeards among the assembled war correspondents unsettles one of the young TV reporters, and she asks whether "earlier wars" were covered by "more seasoned" reporters. Nowadays, she says, they seem younger. Gently Michener points out that 30 years ago, this crew seemed younger too. — ***Curtis Prendergast***

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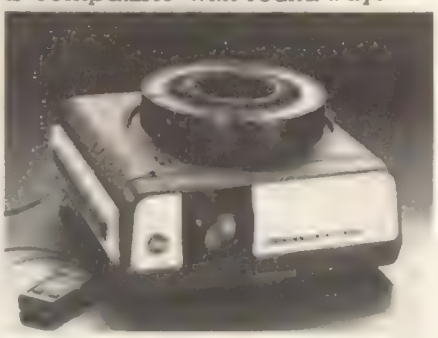

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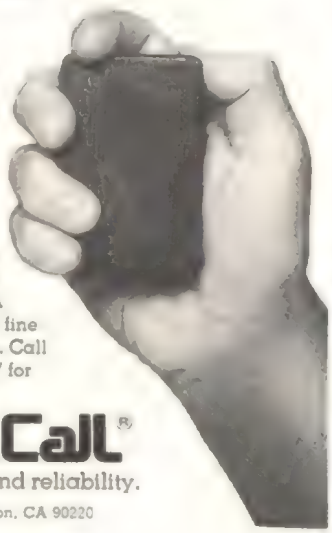

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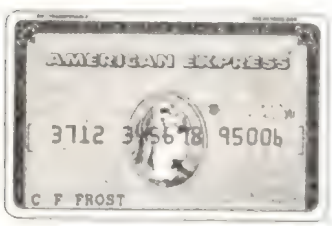

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TIME/JUNE 16, 1980

White House Face-Off

Jimmy says the race is over. No, it is not, says Teddy

As the long, black Lincoln Continental pulled up to the West Wing of the White House last week, presidential staff members gathered on the lawn and crowded onto the balconies of the adjacent old Executive Office Building. The occasion had all the drama of a summit conference, and, in a sense, that is what it was: Senator Edward Kennedy, wearing a diplomat's dark blue suit, had come calling on President Jimmy Carter. For the first time in their bitter, seven-month contest for the Democratic presidential nomination, the candidates were meeting face to face.

By the rules of political tradition —and common sense—the purpose of Kennedy's visit should have been peacemaking. The President, though battered by the deepening recession, had won 24 primaries to Kennedy's ten. Carter had collected 1,964 delegates, 298 more than he needs for a first-ballot nomination at the Democratic National Convention in August and 725 more than Kennedy's total. The latest Gallup poll showed that 60% of the Democrats, however reluctantly, preferred Carter to Kennedy as their nominee for President. But when the Senator emerged 54 minutes later from the Oval Office, he declared with a broad smile that the struggle was not over. "I have every intention of continuing in this campaign as a candidate," he said. "I am planning to be the nominee."

At a brief meeting with reporters in the White House, Carter added to the air of unreality by insisting that his tense meeting with Kennedy had been a step toward "unity." But even the President seemed puzzled by Kennedy's behavior. Said Carter: "I am convinced that I will be nominated, and he is not convinced of that fact yet." Then, with a note of wonderment in his voice, the President added: "I pointed out to him, and he agreed, that the primary season is now over."

It had, in fact, ended two days earlier on "Super Tuesday," when 696 delegates, 20% of the total, were chosen at primaries in eight states. Ironically for Kennedy, it turned out to be the best week of his campaign. He won five of the contests, including two of the three most important, in California and New Jersey; Carter carried the third big state, Ohio. In all, Kennedy won 53% of the delegates at stake. Yet even as Carter suffered his worst defeats of the campaign, he still picked up 321 delegates, far more than he needed to sew up the nomination.

In anticipation of that victory, Carter last month ordered aides to stop speaking disparagingly of Kennedy and to take conciliatory steps that might make the Senator an ally in the campaign against Ronald Reagan. Thus there was no response when Kennedy attacked Carter as a "clone of Ronald Reagan" and said that the Administration's economic policies were "alien to everything the Democratic Party stands for." Rosalynn Carter's anger vibrated through the White House corridors when Joan Kennedy archly told a reporter that she was better equipped than Rosalynn for life in the White House because she was a "sophisticated lady" and held a master's degree in education. But in obedience to the presidential edict, the slur went unanswered.

On a TV interview just before the final primaries, Carter described his feeling toward Kennedy as "one of respect, one of personal friendship, one of admiration" and said he had "no doubt that Senator Kennedy and I can work harmoniously." At Carter campaign headquarters, above a sleazy strip-tease joint in Washington, top aides sent out peace signals toward the Kennedy camp, located in a former Cadillac showroom. Carter Campaign Chair-

man Robert Strauss indicated that the President is willing to compromise on nearly every issue in the party platform, with two exceptions: Kennedy's demands for wage and price controls and for gasoline rationing. Even then, Carter is willing to let Kennedy state his position on both issues from the convention floor. In addition, the White House allotted five of the 15 seats on the platform committee to Kennedy stalwarts and named Arizona Congressman Morris Udall, a longtime Kennedy friend and political ally, as the convention's keynote speaker

But Kennedy defied the peace overtures. On primary night, as several hundred supporters cheered the Senator in his grimy headquarters, the strong showing seemed to fill him with a jubilation bordering on the irrational. Said he: "Tonight is the first night of the rest of the campaign." Then, just as Carter was in effect winning the Democratic nomination, Kennedy heatedly proclaimed: "Democrats from coast to coast were unwilling to concede the nomination to Jimmy Carter, and neither am I."

At first, old friends and supporters concluded that Kennedy had been swept along by the exuberance of the moment. Throughout the campaign, as he lost primary after primary and his chances of ultimate victory faded, he had insisted: "I can add." But Mo Udall, recalling how he himself had agonized after losing the primaries in 1976 before conceding graciously to Carter, thought he understood Kennedy's problem. Said Udall: "It's hard for a guy who is saying harsh things on Monday to stand up and endorse the other fellow on Wednesday. I think he'll come around, but he's pretty well dug in."

That indeed seemed to be the case. When Carter called Tuesday night to offer congratulations, Kennedy's aides said the Senator could not answer because he was "resting." Carter called again four hours later and was told Kennedy was en route to his headquarters. The next morning, Kennedy summoned more than a dozen advisers and family members to his house in McLean, Va., to discuss his next step. His most senior aides, including Political Director Paul Kirk and Campaign Chairman (and brother-in-law) Steve Smith, recommended that he not do anything hasty that would prevent him from eventually withdrawing gracefully. But several younger, more ideological staffers, including Speechwriters Robert Shrum and Carey Parker, urged Kennedy to fight on. After several hours of discussion, with a break for sandwiches, Kennedy made up his mind. Said he: "I'm not getting out under these circumstances." He strode to a telephone and called the White House. Carter said he hoped Kennedy was sufficiently rested. Kennedy proposed that he come to the White House. Perhaps next week, the President thought. The very next day, Kennedy proposed, and the President agreed.

Jimmy and Rosalynn embrace as they celebrate victory with his campaign staff

The two men met alone in the Oval Office, at either side of the fireplace. Carter later told aides that he opened the discussion by trying to be conciliatory, congratulating Kennedy on having conducted a "fine campaign." According to Kennedy, reported TIME Correspondent Walter Isaacson, the exchange soon became more heated. Carter complained: "You've had a lot of harsh words to say about me. I know about campaign rhetoric and all, but I have never attacked you personally." In response, Kennedy complained about Carter TV ads questioning his character. Said Kennedy: "I have never attacked you personally. It has always been your policies that I talked about."

The two quickly turned to the main order of business. Kennedy said he was willing to release his delegates from their obligation to vote for him at the convention, but only if Carter would debate him publicly on the main issues. The President suggested that their differences could be settled by the "platform process," which begins this week with hearings in Washington. Kennedy again demanded a debate. Indeed, he repeated this demand several more times during the interview. Kennedy said that he told Carter: "I want substance, not cosmetics. Deals on the platform will not be adequate. It's not a question of you and me working out deals behind closed doors."

Carter refused to debate Kennedy. What happened next was in dispute. Ac-

Kennedy and his advisers at his home in McLean, Va., pondering his next move

"You can see when you are not making a point. It was more difficult than I thought."

Kennedy telling reporters at the White House that he is still a candidate

His insistence on a debate struck some longtime aides as wrongheaded, even absurd.

cording to Kennedy's account, which White House aides emphatically denied, Carter said: "No incumbent President has ever debated a member of his own party." Kennedy retorted that last November, when the polls showed him far ahead of the President, "you were eager to debate." Carter did not respond. Later, according to White House aides, the President asked Kennedy: If there were a debate, would he endorse a Carter-Mondale ticket? This time Kennedy made no response. At the end, Kennedy asked Carter what they should tell the outside world about their meeting. Said the President: "Well, we'll just say we have a difference of opinion."

For Kennedy, the feeling that a debate is of paramount importance stems from his frustration at not being able to get his message across to voters or make the faltering economy the focus of the campaign. After hammering away for months at what he charged was Carter's deliberate policy of raising unemployment to fight inflation, Kennedy would meet people like a laid-off glassworker in West Virginia who told him: "You can't blame Carter. It's not his fault." Reflected Kennedy: "I think this is a numbness that Carter intentionally created by trying to lower expectations of what a President can do. You can look out at an audience and see when you are not making a point. It was more difficult than I thought."

Just how Kennedy will keep on campaigning is a mystery. He faces a severe cash shortage. In the week before Super Tuesday, while he was traveling 14,000 miles to campaign, he had to stop off at a dozen fund raisers to whittle away at his campaign debt, which is close to $1 million. Most likely, in the two months before the convention, he will only try to stay visible. He will advance his economic views at hearings in Washington and at meetings around the country with representatives of the unemployed, the elderly, blacks, Hispanics and others who have been hit hard by the recession. He will give a few major speeches, perhaps on TV if he can raise money for air time. He may even show up at some conventions in the five states that have not yet finished selecting their delegates by the caucus system. But the odds against his wresting the nomination from Carter are overwhelming. Under the Democratic Party's rules, delegates pledged to a candidate must vote for that candidate on the first ballot at the convention. Moreover, the rules permit a candidate to replace any potential defectors among his delegates with staunch supporters.

Old Kennedy associates, including Udall and House Speaker Tip O'Neill, are determined to persuade him to drop out amicably, though not necessarily any time soon. Said Udall: "If he wants to go on, I don't see any great harm. I don't think that anyone should be bludgeoning him to get out." Added O'Neill: "The main thing is that when the convention is over, Kennedy and Carter walk out arm in arm." Still, Kennedy's obsessive insistence on a debate with Car-

Promises, Promises

While President Carter and Senator Kennedy argue about what should be in the 1980 Democratic platform, they might find it useful to dust off and reconsider one long-forgotten document, the Democratic platform of 1976. As is the case with most such creations, it promised many things to many people. Among the planks on which Carter stood four years ago:

▸ "The current Republican Administration did not invent inept Government, but it has saddled the country with ineffective Government . . . We pledge a Government in which the new Democratic President will work closely with the leaders of the Congress on a regular, systematic basis so that the people can see the results of unity . . .

▸ "We . . . will make every responsible effort to reduce adult unemployment to 3% within four years . . .

▸ "Credit must be generally available at reasonable interest rates . . .

▸ "We pledge the Democratic Party to a complete overhaul of the present tax system . . . A responsible Democratic tax reform program could save over $5 billion in the first year with larger savings in the future . . .

▸ "We pledge constant efforts to keep world monetary systems functioning properly . . .

▸ "Fundamental welfare reform is necessary . . .

▸ "We need a comprehensive national health system . . .

▸ "We seek ratification of the Equal Rights Amendment . . .

▸ "The Democratic Party is pledged to the development of America's first national urban policy . . .

▸ "The Democratic Party must provide leadership for a coordinated federal and state effort to strengthen the presently inadequate controls over the manufacture, assembly, distribution and possession of handguns . . .

▸ "We must break up organized-crime syndicates dealing in drugs . . .

▸ "We will take whatever action is necessary to reorganize and revitalize our nation's railroads . . .

▸ "We pledge to develop programs to make the family farm economically healthy again . . .

▸ "The Democratic Party is committed to making the U.S. Postal Service function properly . . .

▸ "Our strategic nuclear forces must provide a strong and credible deterrent . . . Our conventional forces must be strong enough to deter aggression . . . We believe we can reduce present defense spending by about $5 billion to $7 billion . . .

▸ "The next Democratic Administration must and will initiate a new American foreign policy. Eight years of Nixon-Ford diplomacy have left our nation isolated abroad and divided at home . . . We must rely on the moral strength of our democratic values—the greatest inspiration to our friends and the attribute most feared by our enemies."

ter struck some longtime aides as wrongheaded, even absurd and perhaps damaging to his future with the party. Said one: "The demand for a debate made sense before the primaries were over, but now it doesn't. I don't know why he has stuck to it."

Some Kennedy aides predict that he eventually will close ranks behind Carter, though perhaps not until the convention. Said an adviser: "After all, Ted's a Democrat and Reagan is Reagan." But Carter and his political advisers fear that in the meantime, Kennedy will do considerable damage to Carter's chances of beating Reagan in the fall. As last week's primary voting showed, Carter can ill afford more bloodletting at the hands of fellow Democrats. According to a New York *Times*–CBS News poll of primary voters in the three largest states, the recession was a major reason for Carter's defeats in California and New Jersey and nearly cost him Ohio. The economy probably will be the chief issue in the fall as well. The Labor Department announced last week that the jobless rate in May climbed to 7.8%; some economists are forecasting unemployment of 10% by Election Day (*see* ECONOMY & BUSINESS)

But there was even worse news for Carter in the three big primary states. Polls of voters leaving the booths showed that less than half of the Democrats who cast ballots for Carter expect to support him in the fall. Moreover, two-thirds of Kennedy's backers in those states said that they would vote in the election for either Reagan or Independent John Anderson. Their mood was captured by Roy Brown, a food-company executive in Fort Lee, N.J., who declared: "We need a change. Anything would be better than four more years of Jimmy Carter."

Carter professes to welcome his underdog status, maintaining that he has always campaigned best when he is behind. His strategy for Anderson is to ignore him publicly. With Carter's blessing, however, the Democratic National Committee last week set aside $225,000 to hire lawyers who will try to keep Anderson off the ballot in 13 key states, including California, New York and Ohio. Anderson already is on the ballot in Kansas, New Jersey and Utah. For Reagan, Carter has settled on a more aggressive strategy. The President's aides will keep reminding voters this summer about the Californian's more outrageous statements, like his proposal that the U.S. blockade Cuba in retaliation against the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. Then, come fall, Carter himself will pound away at Reagan as a dangerous extremist.

Carter and his aides will not ignore Kennedy entirely, but they are determined not to waste much time on him. Said a political adviser to the President: "We prefer to work with him, and we are anxious to accommodate him any way we can. But if we cannot, we have no choice but to do it without him." ■

"I'm Kind of Moderate"

Reagan gets a sunny welcome from an old opponent

While President Carter confronted Ted Kennedy at the White House, a much more amiable encounter reunited the two most eminent figures in the G.O.P. They had never been friends, and as recently as last March, Gerald Ford had described Ronald Reagan as "unelectable." But as they strolled out of their meeting near the 13th hole of the Thunderbird Country Club in Palm Springs last week, Ronnie and Jerry looked as if they had been lifelong pals. Smiling and relaxed in a blue blazer and beige slacks, Ford called the talks "very, very constructive." Said he: "We are establishing a relationship that is vitally important. I pledge myself to campaign wholeheartedly."

During their meeting, Ford urged Reagan to concentrate on three key issues: unemployment, weak national defense and the vagaries of Carter's foreign policy. About that charge of Reagan's being unelectable, Ford said he changed his mind when the economic news grew worse. He also felt that Reagan had "moderated" some of his earlier views. Reagan did not quite accept that. He said that changes had occurred in the "perception of my viewpoints rather than my viewpoints themselves."

Much of the interest in the Reagan-Ford meeting had been aroused by reports that the two could be persuaded to join forces on the G.O.P. ticket, but Ford firmly ruled himself out as a possible vice-presidential candidate. He gave as his reason the constitutional obstacle against the President and Vice President living in the same state: namely, California. Accepting the No. 2 spot, said Ford, would create a "problem of such magnitude that I wouldn't even consider it." To take up residence elsewhere would be a "phony operation."

Ford faced other problems as well. At 66, he is only three years younger than Reagan and could not very easily be considered a successor. Moreover, he does not want to get bogged down again in the minutiae of government. Explains an aide: "He wants to help on things like peace treaties, but he damn well does not want to get involved in water projects."

With Ford out of the running, Howard Baker remains a top contender for the vice presidency, but a certain amount of opposition to him is building. While his skilled performance as Senate minority leader has won him the plaudits of G.O.P. moderates and even Democrats, he remains unacceptable to much of his party's right wing because of his support of the Panama Canal treaties and federal funding for abortions.

Reagan and Ford strolling in Palm Springs, after meeting to discuss campaign strategy

"He damn well does not want to get involved in water projects."

George Bush, though considered a weak campaigner by some Reagan advisers, does not arouse the same degree of animosity among the party's right wing. He would be grudgingly accepted by them, and he demonstrated popularity in the big states during the primaries. Ford is expected to support Bush, who was his CIA director.

Others under serious consideration as Reagan's running mate are Indiana Senator Richard Lugar, New York Congressman Jack Kemp, former U.S. Treasury Secretary William Simon and Donald Rumsfeld, president of G.D. Searle & Co., who was Ford's chief of staff and then Secretary of Defense. Reagan advisers have even discussed hawkish Democratic Senators Sam Nunn and Henry Jackson, but they are more likely to be considered for Defense Secretary. The consensus is that Reagan will choose a middle-of-the-road Republican.

Reagan's immediate problem is to perk up his now slumbering campaign. He is still coasting on his familiar rhet-

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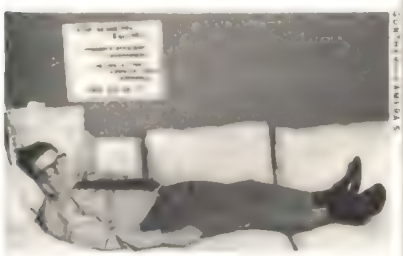
oric; his aides have not supplied him with either fresh ideas or language for the coming battle. Since Campaign Manager John Sears was fired in February, no one has acquired enough clout to give the candidate firm instructions. Sears' replacement, William Casey, is gradually working into his job, but it takes a long time to win Reagan's confidence. This week state and regional coordinators are meeting with Casey in Los Angeles to try to get organized for the fall.

Feeling that he has a solid base of 120 to 140 electoral votes, compared with Carter's 80, Reagan plans to concentrate on four key states where the President is considered vulnerable: Texas, Illinois, Ohio and Pennsylvania. Reagan is budgeting roughly half the $29.4 million he will receive in federal campaign funds for TV, radio and print advertising. The ads will emphasize Reagan as the pragmatic Governor of California, a doer not an ideologue, an approach urged by Casey. To build an image as a statesman, Reagan plans to travel to Europe after the convention. Reflecting on his political philosophy, the man who was once considered the most ardent conservative in America admitted: "I think I'm kind of moderate." Though, he added, "maybe we can overdo moderation." ■

Revolt R.I.P.?

This time Jarvis fails

"If the kids can't read, what is the use of library books?" harrumphed California's aging (77) grinch, Howard Jarvis. An interesting question, but not much of an argument for Proposition 9, Jarvis' new plan to cut state personal income taxes in half. Two years ago Californians rousingly approved Jarvis' Proposition 13 to cut real estate taxes an average of 57%. This time his tax-cutting plan met strong opposition from civil service unions and other civic organizations, which argued that it would benefit the rich and cut government services to the poor. Result: Californians last week voted down Prop. 9 by 61% to 39%. Does this mean the tax revolt is over? Not likely. Noting that Californians had enjoyed $26 billion in tax reductions over three years, Governor Jerry Brown declared, "This is not the end of the tax revolt. It's a pause." ■

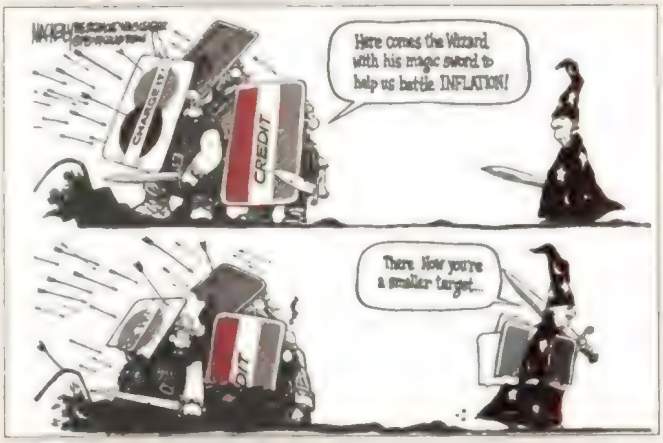


Jarvis napping in office during campaign

What is the use of books?

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

Losing the Inner Instincts



The White House admits that Jimmy Carter may have drifted out of touch with some economic realities by being cooped up in the Rose Garden because of the hostages in Iran. That was why his speech in Ohio about "turning the tide" seemed out of sync with the alarming slide into recession.

Had Carter talked to an ad salesman on the Los Angeles *Times* a few weeks ago, he might have known that there were fewer Help Wanted ads, a sure sign of economic stress. Had he stopped in Blair, Neb. (pop. 6,300), the people who live along the highway could have tipped him off that because of soaring gas prices, auto traffic was way down. Had his family stayed at the Holiday Inn outside New York's Kennedy Airport, he could have got the message from travelers having to pay $58.32 a night, a message that sounded slightly different when his official experts delivered it to him a few days ago.

When Presidents get isolated, they miss firsthand observations that sharpen the judgment. They begin to lose the inner instincts that warn when statistics may be deceptive, that suggest human responses that data do not reveal. In no field is it more important to have that internal receptivity than in economics.

Just a little while back, when Jimmy Carter began to prepare his latest assault on inflation, his advisers predicted that restraining consumer credit card privileges might have some symbolic value but little practical impact on the problem. Carter wondered a bit about the advice but put a paragraph about credit cards in his speech. The response from the public was beyond anything predicted. Some people mailed their cards to the White House, others ground them up, and a lot of folks began buying with cash. Carter's gut had been right.

The Brookings Institution's Joseph Pechman, who is a member of TIME's Board of Economists (*see* ECONOMY & BUSINESS) and has advised several Presidents, believes it is a good thing that the chief is not a formally educated economist. Economists are too narrow, says Pechman. "Political and social factors are needed in making policy." Every President comes to office with a lot of well-honed instincts about the people and little background in making economic policy. He must be tutored. "Most Presidents at first would really like economics to go away," says Pechman. No such luck. But no sooner is a President put in the economics classroom than he is warned not to get too involved in details lest he miss the forecast for the trees. Carter has been told he may be learning too many economic details.

In a time of stress, economic policy may need more psychological input than mathematical analysis. Our very economic success also makes it tougher to pick up the nation's economic tremors quickly. Treasury Spokesman Joseph Laitin points out that we do not have the foreclosures, soup lines, dispossessions and other instant aftershocks from economic swings that used to send signals racing through the political system. Letdowns are more gentle, often hard to detect in the salubrious environment of the Oval Office.

But feeling from his statistics the frustration of farmers who must plant crops while anticipating that they will lose money, or hearing in the charts the grumblings of businessmen as customers melt away, is what being President is all about.

"Yahoo!"

Congress bars a gas tax

Not for nearly 30 years had a Democratic Congress overridden a Democratic President's veto.* Still, that was exactly what happened to President Carter's $10 billion oil-import tax last week. The levy, which would have cost the U.S. motorist 10¢ per gal., was first rejected by huge margins in both houses. So when Carter carried out his threatened veto, the House did not even debate it. It immediately voted to override the President's veto by an embarrassing 335 to 34. From Republican Strategist Robert E. Bauman of Maryland came a victorious yell: "Yahoo!" Next day the Senate completed the Carter rout, voting against the tax, 68 to 10.

Carter blamed his defeat on congressional spinelessness in an election year. "I recognize the political pressures," he said in his veto message. "I know this is a difficult issue for many members of Congress." Nevertheless, he added, the gas tax was "good public policy and good common sense." Without this kind of action to conserve energy, the U.S. would "remain dangerously vulnerable to severe economic disruptions from terrorism, accident, embargo [or] war."

On the face of it, the President's case looked like a strong one. Oil imports are still running at a ruinous 6 million bbl. a day, and a new tax would probably cut consumption. Indeed some experts urge a fee of not 10¢ but 50¢ or more (most European nations now charge nearly $2 per gal. in taxes). Even so, claims the Administration, the 10¢ charge would save 100,000 bbl. a day. Congress's refusal to impose any tax will therefore be hard to explain when Carter goes to Venice later this month to coordinate allied energy policies.

Moffett in Congress

Congress tacitly went along with the gas tax when Carter proclaimed it last March. But some of the legislators, notably Connecticut Democrat Toby Moffett, suspected that Carter wanted the fee not only to conserve energy but to balance the budget without asking Congress for any new taxes—perhaps even creating some room for an election-year tax cut. Moffett tried to get more figures from the Department of Energy, but was turned down. He and four other Congressmen then joined in a federal lawsuit and won a ruling that Carter had no right to impose such a tax on his own authority. The Administration appealed, and a decision is expected this week.

What figures Moffett did pry loose raised some questions about the Administration's case. While Carter claimed that the fee would save 100,000 bbl. a day, estimates within the DOE ranged as low as 20,000. And even if the saving really was 100,000, a $10 billion tax would mean that the U.S. Government was charging American consumers $270 for every barrel saved.

Already in trouble, Carter made the tactical situation worse two weeks ago by denouncing a laboriously worked-out congressional compromise on the budget, a move that many Congressmen regarded as interference with their function. The mood of the House turned angry, and the gas tax provided a splendid target for that anger. House Speaker Tip O'Neill blocked all action on the bill as long as he could, but the size of the vote showed how overwhelmingly outnumbered he was.

The problem remains: U.S. gas consumption must be cut, and no matter how much U.S. motorists may complain, Carter and Congress must jointly find a way to cut it. ■

*The last occasion: President Truman's unsuccessful veto of the restrictive McCarran-Walter Immigration Act in 1952.

WHICH HAND
HAS THE PENTAX CAMERA?

"New Nostalgia"

Vance offers a warning

When Jimmy Carter waspishly slighted his departed Secretary of State Cyrus Vance, saying that he hoped Vance's successor would be "a stronger and more statesmanlike figure," Vance stoically said nothing. Last week, for the first time since he resigned in protest against the Iranian rescue mission, Vance spoke out in a major address. His message, as would have been expected, was strong and statesmanlike.

Vance mentioned Carter only once, with words of praise for his energy program. He never mentioned his pugnacious rival, National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski, at all. But he must have been recalling past arguments in Washington when he warned a Harvard commencement audience of 25,000 against "a dangerous new nostalgia," a "longing for earlier days, when the world seemed, at least in retrospect, to have been a more orderly place, in which American power could, alone, preserve that order." U.S. armed forces "must be modernized, and they will be," said Vance, in order to "preserve the global military balance." But the hope that U.S. military power can solve any problem is "self-indulgent nonsense."

"It is time to set, and stick to, basic goals," Vance declared. "Neither we nor the world can afford an American foreign policy that is hostage to the emotions of the moment . . . It is far too easy, in an election year, to let what may seem smart politics produce bad policies."

That, he argued, was what had happened to the SALT II treaty, which Carter shelved after the Afghanistan invasion seemed to doom all chance of Senate ratification. The U.S. must "continue its firm and sustained response to Soviet aggression against Afghanistan," said Vance, but it must also maintain a larger historical perspective. "When the historian of 1990 looks back upon the year 1980," Vance stressed, "I believe a profound mistake may well be identified: a failure to ratify the SALT II treaty. It is not too late, but it may soon be. I believe that the Senate must ratify the SALT II treaty before the end of this year."

Vance at Harvard

That prospect is unlikely indeed, but Vance insisted that SALT still could preserve "essential equivalence" with the Soviets. Yet even that provides only a framework for seeking better relations with the Soviets. "It is foolish and dangerous to believe that we can manage this relationship by deterrence alone," said Vance. "We will also need to provide positive incentives. We must work for implicit, if not explicit, agreements to bound our competition by restraints, by a kind of common law of competition . . . We cannot afford wild swings from being too trusting to being hysterical."

Vance predicted that "the cockpit of crises" in the coming decade would be the Third World. He recommended certain specific steps—recognition of the leftist regime in Angola and improved relations with Zimbabwe and Mozambique. But throughout the underdeveloped lands of Africa and Asia, he said, people "do not want the rhetoric of American leadership: they want its substance." U.S. foreign aid has declined 25% in the past 25 years, and the U.S. now ranks 13th among the top 17 industrial nations in the percentage of gross national product devoted to foreign aid. Vance's judgment on that: "Disgraceful."

Vance called on the U.S. to support the Third World's yearning for true independence. "Our interests are not served by their being like us," he said, "but by their being free to join with us in meeting the goals we share." Reverting one last time to his opponents in Washington, Vance warned that a successful foreign policy could not be based on "quick fixes, new gimmicks, bluffs or threats. It requires steadiness, political will and understanding of a world in change." ■

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"I Feel So Helpless, So Hopeless"

Resentment is building in the nation's black urban ghettos

There is a rising tide of bitterness in black America. It existed well before the vicious race riot last month that killed 16 people and sent ugly plumes of smoke into the night skies over Miami. But the violence caught the attention of white America—and that fact too causes further black cynicism. Black leaders, echoing their pleas of the riot-punctuated 1960s, are asking once again: Do we have to burn our own neighborhoods in order to be heard?

The black voices are angry. "I go out there and see these houses all boarded up. I see some gutted. I see vacant lots and weeds," says Congressman Louis Stokes of Cleveland. "I see these guys standing around doing nothing. I feel so helpless, so hopeless. We're passing from one generation to another a group of people who are hopelessly locked into a permanent underclass."

"In the '60s, young blacks were looking up; they were coming out of the shadow of segregation; they were saying, 'I am somebody,'" recalls the Rev. Thomas Kilgore, who heads a predominantly black group of 218 activist clergymen in Los Angeles. "Now they don't feel that way. The black community does not have the kind of hope it had then."

"It is no wonder young black youths are predisposed to riot," says Ed Irons, a black professor of banking and finance at Atlanta University. "Even when the economy is going strong they don't get hired. You can't attribute this to anything but institutional racism. America does not want to face this. At some point it is going to explode."

An Associated Press–NBC News poll taken after the Miami riot found that 53% of Americans fear that there will be more racial riots in other cities this summer. At the same time, 84% of the whites thought blacks were better off now than ten years ago. But they are wrong, and that is precisely the point; it is the key factor underlying the growing frustration in the ghetto. Despite the programs that raised so much hope, despite the brave talk by politicians about rescuing the cities, despite the thousands of success stories that seem to prove the contrary, urban blacks have been slipping farther and farther behind whites.

DAVID FRANKLIN

Neighborhood in Detroit where damage from 1967 riot is still unrepaired

"There are raw wounds, and a blind officialdom keeps flicking them with a whip."

In the decade of the 1970s, blacks gained on whites in only one broad area: education. As of 1978, the median for blacks had reached 11.9 years of schooling; it was 12.5 for whites. Yet even these statistics are misleading in one important sense: the quality of public schooling that the blacks are getting in most major U.S. cities has sharply declined. Says Bernard C. Watson, a black vice president of Temple University in Philadelphia: "The education too many children receive in these classrooms is nothing short of a national scandal, an absolute disgrace."

But the pupils who manage to survive in the system are doing better than a decade ago. The percentage of black high school graduates who go on to college (31.5%) has nearly caught up with that of the whites (32.2%). With 11.6% of the total population, blacks now provide 10% of the total college enrollment. True, the many black colleges are still inferior to many white ones, and about half of black college students attend traditionally black institutions. But Watson concedes: "The fortunes of black Americans seeking higher education have improved dramatically. Only a fool or a charlatan would deny that there has been progress."

That improvement actually fuels some of the current black restlessness. While the American dream has long envisaged education as the gateway to the good life, blacks have discovered that the more they gained on the whites educationally, the more they seemed to fall behind economically. To be sure, some of the best-educated blacks have broken into high-income classes. Between 1970 and 1978, for example, the number of families making more than $25,000 grew twice as fast among blacks as it did among whites. Yet only 13.4% of all black families earn that much, compared with 29.5% for whites.

More ominously, black family income in the past decade actually fell relative to that of whites, from 60% of the white level in 1969 to 57% in 1979. One striking reason was that the proportion of white families containing more than one income earner climbed in that period from 53.6% to 55.4%, while the number of black families with more than a single wage earner fell from 57.2% to 46.2%. Black women who head their families had a 5.2% unemployment rate in 1969, but 12.9% were jobless in 1979, and the recession will certainly increase that figure considerably.

To make matters worse, women now head 30% of all black households, a fact stemming partly from the rate of illegitimate births; it is six times as high among black women as white. One startling example: 42% of Chicago's births in 1978 were out of wedlock; 80% of the mothers were black. The welfare rate of black women heading families is a devastating 50%.

Politically, the blacks have made substantial strides in the past ten years. There are black mayors in Los Angeles, Washington, Detroit, Atlanta and New Orleans, and black councilmen and black judges in respectable and growing numbers across the nation—some 4,600 black

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elected officials in all. But housing is still abominable, health care uncertain and, despite some reforms, too many big-city blacks, particularly the youths, view a white policeman as their natural enemy. The discrimination may be as direct and blatant as a racial slur, or as amorphous and difficult to fight as the hiring record of white employers: the unemployment rate among blacks with college educations is higher (27.2%) than that of white youths who are high school dropouts (22.3%).

In the wake of the Miami riots, Joseph Boyce, TIME's Atlanta bureau chief and a black who was once a Chicago police officer, reported on the status of blacks in his city and elsewhere in the South. Said Boyce: "Blacks are like artifacts in a room seldom used. They are dusted off periodically for a look, especially after a riot, then replaced in the cabinet. The doors close again until the next time."

NEW YORK: BUDGET SQUEEZE

The nation's largest city faces a special handicap in coping with black problems: perched on the brink of bankruptcy for five years, it has had little choice but to curtail services that had once made life more bearable for blacks trapped in some of the bleakest ghettos in the U.S. Blacks occupy 41.2% of the substandard housing in the city and account for about 36% of the 867,173 New Yorkers on welfare. The basic monthly allowance ($476 for a family of four) has not gone up since 1974, but food costs have risen 42.5%, utilities 82%, transportation 50%. Says Arthur Barnes, head of the New York Urban Coalition: "What do these people eat, I wonder. I think a lot of them can't even afford dog food."

The city's public school system, with an enrollment that is 68% black and Hispanic, has cut back its already overworked teaching staffs and eliminated much needed guidance counselors and after-hours tutors—the kind of specialists who gave many black students added incentive to stay in school. Roughly 10% of the city's 1 million public school students are regarded as hard-core habitual truants. On any given day, as many high school students may be roaming the streets as are in class.

The unemployment rate for young blacks is estimated to be as high as 60% and likely to grow as the recession hits small businesses, which form the backbone of the city's economy. Roaming the streets, older youths fall easily into the only readily available "jobs": peddling drugs, pimping, prostitution, mugging, selling stolen goods, running numbers. Once in decline, heroin use is on the rise again.

Although blacks are underrepresented in New York's government (only five blacks on the 43-member city council), black voices do get a hearing in the city, a fact that has helped to ease some ugly situations. Still, there is a growing political apathy among New York's blacks—a feeling that nothing much changes in the ghettos no matter who runs the city government. Warns James Dumpson, a sociologist and assistant director of a private foundation working with the city's black neighborhoods: "When it's perceived that politics isn't serving the needs of the people, people tend to get disillusioned, cynical and despairing."

CHICAGO: POLITICAL CLOUT

A black former newspaper publisher in a gray pinstripe suit drove through the neighborhood on Chicago's far South Side, which he will soon represent in Congress. Gus Savage, 54, who defied the city's once invincible Democratic political machine to win a primary fight and thus ensure his election in November, symbolizes black progress in Chicago. So does his neighborhood. Ten years ago it was 60% white; now it is 85% black. Some of its tree-lined streets run past houses selling for $125,000 or more. Most of the residents have completed at least 13 years of schooling. Boasts Savage: "That's higher than for whites in this city."

Chicago's blacks have never enjoyed so much political clout. Now 40% of the city's population, the 1.2 million blacks helped defeat the late Mayor Richard Daley's selected heir, Michael Bilandic, and thus gave Jane Byrne a tenuous hold on city hall in 1979. A black will probably run for mayor in 1983. Blacks head the city's finance committee and the school board, and the city police department is now 23% black.

But the recent political gains have created little social or economic progress. The dropout rate in high school for blacks is 55%. More than a third of the city's black population is below the national poverty level ($6,700 for an urban family of four). Unemployment for young blacks is put at nearly 60%. The mayor's office recently estimated that 586,000 of the city's teen-agers and adults qualified for federally created jobs: there are exactly 68,700 to be given out this year. To make matters worse, in the past decade Chicago has lost at least 500,000 jobs to the suburbs and the Sunbelt—most requiring the kind of unskilled manpower that attracted Southern blacks to Chicago in the first place.

"There is a new kind of poverty here," says John McDermott, a white editor and publisher of the Chicago *Reporter*, a monthly newsletter on racial issues. "What we have is a group permanently unemployed and permanently dependent. There is a growing social chaos within this group, complete social isolation. Their only window to America is the television set."

A niche away from the world in a blighted area of New York's Harlem

"There is complete social isolation. Their only window to America is the television set"

LOS ANGELES: UNEASY TRUCE

In the city that endured the Watts riots of 1965, in which 28 blacks and six others were killed, only an uneasy truce prevails between nearly a million blacks and two traditional sources of racial friction: the police force and the school board. The fact that Mayor Thomas Bradley is black has helped to moderate the clashes, but the City of Angels is no heavenly haven for its blacks.

To its credit, Los Angeles is taking

steps to curb what blacks claim has been a quick-triggered police department.

The five-member police commission has insisted that it will exercise its right to review departmental decisions on complaints against police and to appoint an independent special hearing officer in particularly sensitive cases. Concedes a member of the police commission: "There is apprehension among blacks about confrontations with the police. Within some segments of the black community, the hostility is as great now as it has ever been."

Black attitudes toward the white-dominated school board that acquired a conservative majority in elections last year may be even more hostile. The new members contend they have a voter mandate to fight all plans for busing students to achieve better racial balance in the schools, despite court orders to the contrary. Charges the Rev. Kilgore: "It's a totally politicized board that couldn't care less about educating black children."

On another trouble point, John Mack, president of the Los Angeles Urban League, cites reductions in community services required under California's Proposition 13, particularly a virtual freeze on hiring any new city and county employees. Protests Mack: "Black people are still just trying to get their feet in the door, and now it's being slammed shut again."

Lou Jones

Making time pass on a street corner in the Roxbury section of Boston

"I tell these youngsters their only chance is public education."

WASHINGTON: DUAL SOCIETY

The nation's capital is hardly a showplace of racial equality. The city is developing a two-track society in which a transient group of white politicians and professionals pays scant heed to the more permanent population that is 70% black. The city has a well-established black middle class, but unskilled blacks must compete for menial and clerical jobs in the Government and private business, since there is little industry. Predictably, there are not enough jobs to go around; the unemployment rate for young blacks is about 50%. Many who do not make it in the white world find employment in the underground economy of vice, drugs and crime, which is all too visible just a few blocks from the White House.

A pleasant city by day, Washington has areas that by night are a dangerous wasteland—for both blacks and whites. Says Frank Smith, a black member of the D.C. school board: "I represent places in a ward where I wouldn't walk the street at night without a police escort." In some black neighborhoods, motorists stopping at traffic lights are besieged by peddlers offering a virtual supermarket of drugs. White Washington was shocked last February when 4,000 blacks attended the wake of a black drug dealer who had been accused of killing a white policeman, then later shot by police. Some poor blacks regarded the well-known dealer with sympathy as a man trying to stand up to the system and the police.

Ironically, the process of upgrading blighted downtown neighborhoods has hurt the blacks. Whites are buying houses from blacks and redeveloping them —the process is called "gentrification" —and pushing blacks into even worse areas, where they double up in already inadequate housing.

If greater political power can alleviate black problems, Washington's experience does not prove it. The District finally gained home rule in 1975, lifting control from generally unsympathetic Congressmen. In 1978 the District elected as mayor Marion Barry, a black civil rights activist in the '60s. Barry's budget must be approved by Congress, but many blacks still feel that he and his mainly middle-class black administrators could do more for the poor. Although the community protested, three health clinics in black neighborhoods were closed. They were badly needed: Washington has unusually high rates of venereal disease, tuberculosis and infant mortality.

As in so many large cities, the Washington public school system is woefully inadequate. School Board Member Smith thinks that school administrators have blamed their failures for too long on ghetto conditions and the problems of black family life. Declares Smith: "We've got to stop apologizing for the pedigree, background and families of these kids and educate them. I tell these youngsters their only chance is public education. It's either that or Lorton (the local prison)."

Says Leroy Hubbard, a black social worker: "Things will bottom out before they get any better in this city. There will be a lot more crime, a lot more unemployment and things running rampant before something will be done."

DETROIT: ILLUSION OF PROGRESS

If there is a model city of racial progress in the U.S., Detroit should be it. All the surface signs are upbeat. Since 1974, Detroit has had a black mayor, Coleman Young, whose aggressive leadership is respected nationally and has given him influence in Washington. Six of the nine members of the city council are black, including its president. So is Chief of Police William Hart, as well as Superintendant of Schools Arthur Jefferson and a majority of the county supervisors.

Moreover, that black power has been effectively used. Young has developed a rapport with the city's long dominant white businessmen, including Henry Ford II, and persuaded them to pour millions of dollars into revitalizing the downtown area. Because of the riverfront Renaissance Center and other new convention facilities, Detroit will be the host of such major events as the Republican National Convention in July and share with nearby Pontiac the glories of holding football's 1982 Super Bowl. A downtown that was deserted by 6 p.m. a few years ago now bustles with normal nighttime traffic.

Wayne State University's sophisticated medical center and a network of neighborhood clinics serve the black population, which constitutes 60% of Detroit's 1.2 million residents. New housing projects, many built by black-owned construction companies, have spread mostly into the black neighborhoods. In an unabashed drive to help blacks, Young has

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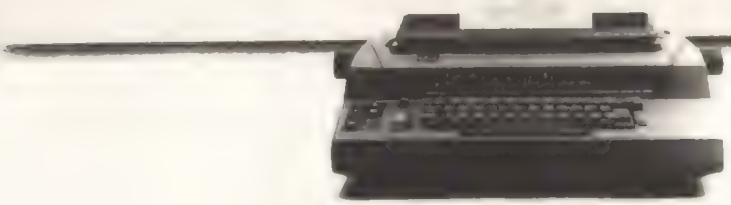

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openly favored black firms when awarding city contracts. He has insisted that every time a white officer is promoted in the police department, a black one must be elevated too; the 35% of the force that is now black has a high proportion of officers who rank above patrolmen.

Despite all that, there are many black leaders who feel that little has really changed to make life for most blacks better since the dreadful days in 1967 when riots killed 43 people and left 5,000 homeless. "There is an illusion of progress," says Roy Williams, president of the Detroit Urban League. "Blacks have been deceived into thinking they have made more progress than they really have."

Why the doubts? For one thing, Detroit's black leaders point to the public school system, which is 85% black. By the time a Detroit student is in the eleventh grade, he has fallen two years behind the national norms in reading. Lamont Crenshaw, a black clinical psychologist, echoes a point made by urban educators across the country: "There are kids getting out of school who can't read, who can't write, who can't fill out an unemployment form. What are they going to do?"

What many do is wind up jobless. The rate of unemployment among blacks in Detroit is estimated at 30%—more than twice that of whites. Already thousands of black autoworkers have been laid off in the current recession.

Despite good intentions and hard work by white and black leaders, frustration, fear and anger are growing among blacks. Crenshaw has little faith in future progress: "In the year 2000, we'll have a mall with two big stores and a glamorous riverfront. But you will still be able to go up to the top of one of the Renaissance Center towers and look out on one of the worst ghettos you'll ever see."

With local variations, the same sorry pattern exists in most of America's larger cities. While Atlanta still boasts that it is "a city too busy to hate" and racial friction seems mild, there is tinder in the deterioration of its public housing. About 50,000 blacks occupy such buildings, which are heavily rat infested. City officials have detected some 10,000 housing code violations in just one project.

In Birmingham, Ala., blacks have elected a black mayor and wield much more power than in the days of the celebrated civil rights crusades. Yet black anger at the white-dominated police force is almost as intense as it was when Police Commissioner Bull Connor and his snarling dogs gained national notoriety.

Racial hostility is so high in Boston that blacks fear to walk into South Boston, citadel of the city's Irish, as much as whites fear going into black Roxbury. Even in boomtown Houston the frame shacks of the city's blacks still stretch for blocks almost within the shadows of the tall new office buildings.

All this is bad enough, but America's racial inequalities and tensions could get worse. During the reforming '60s there was a commitment by many white politicians and officials, indeed by whites in general, to the principles of civil rights. This gave blacks good reason to believe that their lives would improve, slowly but steadily. In terms of personal freedoms —access to the ballot, public accommodations and transportation—there was great improvement. But these gains did not bring with them economic success —or a fair share of the American dream.

Today the optimism of the '60s has disappeared, and there is little hope that the problems of the ghettos are about to be tackled anew, let alone solved. The problem is not a resurgence of white racism in America. Instead broad impersonal trends have converged to shift the attention of America away from its ghettos. The energy crisis, the threat of growing Soviet military power and Soviet adventurism abroad, the decline of the U.S. dollar, the fall of U.S. productivity, the nation's vulnerability in a more complex world, as evidenced by events in Iran, the rise in inflation and the onset of recession —all have prompted a reordering of national priorities. The country has become more conservative, and not just because of lingering doubts, stemming from the experience of the '70s, that expensive social programs can solve the obdurate problems of the ghettos. There is no likelihood that extensive Federal funds will be pumped into the cities when the drive for a balanced budget and a strengthened U.S. military remain so strong. The poor of any color will suffer.

A gathering last week in the rubble left after the riots in the Liberty City area of Miami

"March in large numbers. Massive voting gets attention too."

Understandably, many black leaders deeply resent these political shifts. M. Carl Holman, president of the National Urban Coalition, expresses that sentiment in excessive terms. Says he of the nation's black communities: "There are raw wounds out there and a blind officialdom keeps flicking those wounds with a whip as if to see what will happen."

What could happen if most blacks perceived white officials as acting so callously is a frightening prospect, for blacks and whites alike. Even some of black America's most fiery leaders warn strongly against any resort to violence.

One is Chicago's Rev. Jesse Jackson. A strong advocate of the theory that white America not only is racist but is losing any feelings of guilt, Jackson urges blacks to turn inward and help themselves. "You must aim high," he has advised. "You must believe you can become a doctor or lawyer or nurse or the alderman for your ward." After the Miami riots, Jackson told his followers in Chicago: "Our young people must not consider it a badge of courage, with blood in their eyes, to run headlong into an organized military brigade, and to run from genocide to suicide. It's a bad strategy and it will not work."

Instead of rioting, Jackson said, blacks should "march in large numbers." If they do, "they would also get attention. Massive voting gets attention too." Yet one of the great uncertainties in American race relations is whether blacks will listen any more carefully to the voices of such leaders than whites listen to the angry voices being raised today in the ghettos. ■

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— Dr. John Boston, psychiatrist and Volvo owner, Austin, Texas

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Impatient for Freedom

Refugees on the rampage

It began innocently enough when a few Cubans lit a fire to make coffee. Military police moved in and doused the flames, telling the refugees that open fires were outlawed on the Army base at Fort Chaffee, Ark. A small incident, but last week it ignited the resentment that had been smoldering in some of the 19,000 Cuban refugees from Castro awaiting relocation in the U.S. A force of 500 Cubans marched out through the front gate before being rounded up by harassed soldiers and police. That night 200 Cubans tried to storm the gates. Repelled, they staged a full-scale riot and set mess halls and supply rooms ablaze. Police and soldiers broke up the rampage with tear gas, but small mobs roamed the base starting more fires and demanding freedom.

The cry was ironic, for liberty was precisely what the hard-pressed federal officials running the camp were trying to give the refugees—and as swiftly as possible. But the sheer magnitude of the task, plus some inexcusable lack of coordination, slowed the process to a maddening crawl for people who had expected to be quickly reunited with their families on American soil. The result was yet another frustrating incident in the long chain of false starts and policy shifts that have marked the U.S. treatment of the Cubans.

The problem began when 112,000 Cubans arrived in the space of 48 days—a logistical nightmare that flummoxed the Federal Emergency Management Agency, the bureau charged with coordinating the resettlement process. Says William Combs, chief spokesman for the FEMA: "We had to set up while it was still happening." One key problem turned out to be a communications snafu between the federal agency and the private organizations that find homes for the refugees after they are cleared. The Immigration and Naturalization Service had approved 4,000 Fort Chaffee refugees for resettlement after concluding that they were not criminals. Simultaneously, the U.S. Catholic Conference, one of the main private agencies involved in the operation, had compiled a list of 4,735 people who had homes awaiting them. But the two lists did not match. Not until last week, after the riot, did federal and private authorities begin to work together more effectively. In all, some 57,000 Cubans have been resettled from the camps, but officials anticipate that it will take months to process the remaining ones.

Last week, Carter ordered the Justice Department to try to send back to Cuba those who have serious criminal records or have violated U.S. law. Carter's order may well affect the 125 Cubans who led the riot; at week's end 60 of them were being transferred to a detention center in El Paso for trial in a federal court. To keep order in the Fort Chaffee camp, Carter tripled the federal troops to 2,000. But White House Press Secretary Jody Powell took care to note that "the vast majority" were not involved in the violence.

Weary of waiting for release, a mob rushes the front gate at Fort Chaffee

Inside the camp, a mini-society complete with black markets, baseball and prostitutes

Indeed, hundreds of Cubans had tried to help break up the riots. A number rescued two soldiers who were endangered by fire, and a few even tore slats from their beds and fought against their countrymen. "I feel very sad and very ashamed," said Pedro Arbolares, 44, as a bulldozer scraped away the burned remains of a mess hall. Some Cubans had scrawled VIVA CARTER on their chests with Magic Marker, and others held up signs reading PUNISH THE TROUBLEMAKER.

The people waiting to be freed represent a cross-section of working-class Cuba. Some 75% of the 19,000 at Fort Chaffee are single men. Families are assigned their own apartments within the buildings. For many of the refugees, the first bit of housekeeping involved removing the screens on the barracks windows, thus enabling the exiles to lean out and shout greetings to their friends.

The aftermath: a torched building

"I feel very sad and very ashamed."

The Cubans seem to like the food, particularly since black beans, rice and sweet, strong, Cuban-style coffee have been added to the regular Army menu. Perhaps revealing dietary restrictions under Castro, the Cubans wolf down any sugar they can get, even pouring it into their mouths straight out of the containers.

Several recreation centers feature color television. Favorite fare: afternoon soap operas, which draw standing crowds. English classes are taught by volunteers from nearby Fort Smith, movies are shown on the lawn at night (westerns are the most popular) and soccer and baseball games go on constantly, even at night, when lighted fields are used.

The Cubans have developed their own mini-society, complete with black markets and prostitutes. Along the section known as "El Boulevard," merchants spread out their wares on plastic drop cloths, and the area takes on the carnival air of a Third World marketplace. A pair of men's jeans goes for $1 or a pack and a half of cigarettes.

Under the circumstances, life is generally pleasant, but the Cubans nevertheless live in a state of constant tension, wondering when they will get out. One of the main causes of the riots was the arrival at Fort Chaffee of several hundred Cuban-American families who were under the mistaken impression that they could quickly pick up their relatives and depart. Though by week's end refugees were still trickling out of the base at the rate of only 62 a day, FEMA made a special effort to process those with relatives waiting outside the gates. Yellow school buses carried these refugees to the base theater, where their relatives were waiting. As the families were reunited, the air rang with the cry *"Al fin! Al fin!"* —At last! At last! ■

Jordan Riddle

Investigators are baffled by black leader's shooting

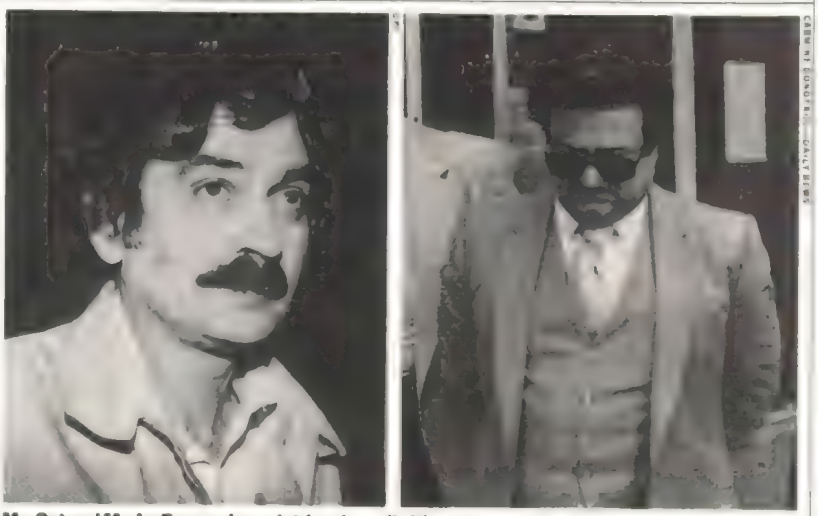
He sat up in bed, watched TV and, with a nurse's assistance, even stood briefly. Vernon Jordan, president of the National Urban League, was making a slow but steady recovery from gunshot wounds that felled him in the parking lot of the Marriott Inn in Fort Wayne, Ind. But the police and FBI were making little progress last week in tracking down the would-be killer of the civil rights leader.

Investigators combed the site of the shooting for evidence and interviewed more than 400 people nationwide. They turned up no clues, but they did manage virtually to dispel some theories. One was that Jordan's attractive blond companion, Martha Coleman, 36, a longtime civil rights worker in Fort Wayne, was in any way involved in the attack. She had just driven him from her home to the motel when he was shot. After intensively questioning Coleman, her four former husbands and several male acquaintances, investigators found no evidence linking them with the shooting.

The FBI also rejected the belief of local officials that the rifleman was a professional assassin who had been stalking Jordan. Investigators noted that the gunman amateurishly left behind a shell casing from a .30-06 bullet. Moreover, said Roger Young, the bureau's official spokesman in Washington, hitting Jordan would have been an easy matter for even an average marksman, particularly if the rifle had a telescopic sight; the big man (6 ft. 4½ in., 225 lbs.) was only 40 yds. away from the matted grass where the assailant lay in ambush

Fort Wayne police continued to question black leaders, as well as Ku Klux Klansmen and local members of other extremist groups in an effort to turn up leads; officers even used hypnosis in an unsuccessful attempt to sharpen the memory of a man who reported seeing a parked car just off Interstate 69 at the time of the shooting but could recall little else about it.

The police force's inability to turn up any clues led Allen County Prosecutor Arnold Duemling to conclude that the investigation was "dead," a remark that irritated federal agents. Said the FBI's Young: "We have a lot of leads and a lot of theories—perhaps too many theories." One of them stems from Coleman's report that a motorcyclist had preceded her car on the 15-minute drive to the motel, timing the green lights perfectly. (Could the motorcyclist have been a spotter for the gunman?) Said Young: "We're a long way from the end." But he added: "Remember, it took us a long time to find Patty Hearst." ■



Mr. Out and Mr. In: Escaped convict Jacobson (left) and Accomplice DeRosa

"The Fox Is on the Run"

Nobody notices as a killer disappears into thin air

The short, beefy man strolled into the Brooklyn House of Detention, signed the visitors' log—"Michael Schwartz"—and asked to see his client. While the lawyer waited in a glass-enclosed meeting room on the first floor, a guard went to escort the prisoner down from his maximum-security cell on the tenth floor. The prisoner, clad in a jumpsuit and in need of a shave, greeted Schwartz, and the two began conferring in private. During their talk, the guards changed shifts; shortly thereafter, the new guards watched a clean-shaven man in a gray tweed suit sign out—"Michael Schwartz"—and stroll out of the prison and into thin air.

The man in the gray suit was not Michael Schwartz but the jumpsuited prisoner, Howard ("Buddy") Jacobson, 49, successful horse trainer, real estate entrepreneur and convicted murderer. The man he left behind turned out not to be Michael Schwartz either, but Anthony DeRosa, 47, onetime bartender and a longtime pal of Jacobson's. When DeRosa himself tried to leave the prison, a guard asked him where his "client" had gone. Only then did prison officials belatedly sound the alert.

The escape came just three days before Jacobson was scheduled to be sentenced for the 1978 murder of John Tupper, 34, a divorced restaurateur who lived in an East Side Manhattan apartment building that Jacobson owned. Tupper had taken up with a pretty model, Melanie Cain, 25, Jacobson's partner in a modeling agency named My Fair Lady. For five years before Tupper came along, she had also been Jacobson's mistress. Two weeks after Cain broke off with Jacobson, Tupper's charred body, shot seven times and stabbed repeatedly, was found in a burning crate in a Bronx lot. Jacobson was reportedly seen speeding away from the lot in a yellow Cadillac. Arrested the next day, he was found guilty of second-degree murder last April.

In prison, Jacobson quietly began selling some of his real estate, reportedly raising as much as $850,000 in cash. The Bronx district attorney heard of Jacobson's dealings and warned the Brooklyn prison, in vain, to keep a close watch on him. One of Jacobson's deals had been with DeRosa, who had bought a Vermont ski lodge from the former horse trainer in 1977. DeRosa, however, had fallen behind in his payments, and now it might have come time for Jacobson to ask for a favor. Police speculate that DeRosa, attaché case in hand, brought a gray suit to the House of Detention and a razor for Jacobson to shave off his distinctively droopy mustache. Without the mustache, one police officer said of the fugitive, Jacobson looks "very forgettable." DeRosa has since been indicted, and is being held on $500,000 bail.

Police believe that Jacobson drove away in a blue 1980 Dodge Aspen rented by his son's girlfriend. They believe that he took with him another model, Audrey Barrett, 22, who has also disappeared. One theory holds that the couple drove to either Philadelphia or Washington and caught a commercial flight out of the country, heading perhaps for Central America or the Caribbean. But no one really knows.

The sentencing of Buddy Jacobson for Tupper's murder did take place as scheduled, with the fugitive drawing 25 years to life. "The fox is on the run," said the victim's father, John Tupper, who attended the sentencing. "He will never be happy. He will always be looking over his shoulder." ■

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All in the Family

It needs help, but what kind?

Outside the Baltimore Convention Center, a picket's placard proclaimed: PRESIDENT CARTER, SEX DEVIATES AREN'T GOING TO TEACH MY KIDS. Read another poster: WHY ARE JIMMY AND ROSALYNN SPONSORING THIS ATTACK ON GOD'S PLAN? Scarcely seeming to notice the hubbub, and smiling as usual, the President entered the hall and urged the 671 delegates attending his White House conference to be the "catalyst for a new awareness in government of the importance of families and the needs of families."

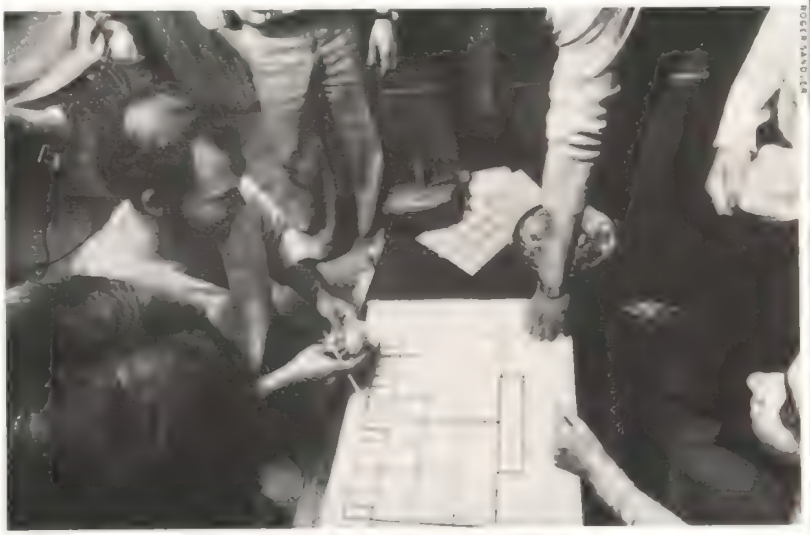
The Baltimore meeting was the first of three sessions to be held on the topic. There will be another in Minneapolis on June 19-21 and a third in Los Angeles on July 10-12. The resolutions approved at all three meetings will then be taken to the President, who has pledged to try to carry out what has been proposed. Back in 1978 when he first announced a conference on the family, the idea seemed relatively noncontroversial. Ever since, conservative and liberal groups have been warring over how the family should be defined and helped.

The conservatives, calling themselves "pro-family," did not want the conference in the first place. As one of their leaders, Phyllis Schlafly, put it: "We don't think the Federal Government has the competence to deal with the family; it aggravates problems rather than solves them." But if a conference had to be held, the conservatives insisted on its establishing their definition of the family: "People related by heterosexual marriage, blood or adoption." In other words, no recognition of unmarried couples or of homosexual pairings. Beyond that, the conservative groups called for a vote against abortion and the ERA.

Organizing first and fastest, conservatives won most of the conference delegate seats in the first state election, but in most states, the Governors moved to balance the delegations. The resulting assembly included 25% from racial minorities, 11% from single-family households, 4% from families with handicapped members and 10% from families with an annual income of $10,000 or less. In the end, it was a coalition of moderate to liberal groups that commanded a clear majority of delegates.

From the start, the conference organizers were determined to keep to the middle of the road and not fire up the conservatives, who were busy holding press conferences denouncing the meeting. Marian Wright Edelman, director of the Children's Defense Fund, told the delegates: "The issue is not whether government interferes; it already does. Our job is to make sure specific governmental and private-sector actions help, not hurt children and strengthen, not weaken families." The conference, insisted its delegates, would not demand big spending programs but would seek ways of aiding families through measures like tax credits and incentives.

Commanding about 20% of the vote, the conservatives were regularly voted down in the various workshops and about 50 of them walked out. At the same time, a homosexual delegate was defeated —by a mere two votes—when he proposed defining the family as "two or more persons who share resources, responsibility for decisions, values and goals and have commitment to one another over time." At week's end 600 of the delegates passed 57 resolutions on problems ranging from the "marriage tax" to joint custody of children. The top three issues: alcohol and drug abuse prevention programs, home health care for the elderly and employment policies that encourage "strong family life." Said conference Executive Director John Carr: "We firmly believe that while this open process is far more risky and far more controversial, it is also far more likely to lead to action than locking 20 experts in a room for a year." ■



ROGER SANDLER

Action quickens around the roster as a leader signs up a new player

California Scam

Illegal pyramid clubs flourish

As instructed, the suburban housewife parked near the toy store in Van Nuys and waited. Soon an orange van drew up. "Chart 2," she mumbled to the driver; she was invited to join the van's eight other riders. In a few minutes, the vehicle rolled up to a warehouse. More passwords were exchanged, and the van's riders then blended with the 150 or so people already gathered inside. Promptly at 8 p.m., the doors were locked, and the host rose to address the guests.

Thus began another session of what its adherents call the "business concept list," but what law-enforcement officials call the "pyramid club," an illegal and get-rich-quick variation, California-style, of the old chain-letter scam.

For $1,000 each, 32 newcomers buy slots on the bottom row of a pyramid-shaped roster. Each new player pays half of his $1,000 to the person at the pinnacle, who ends up with $16,000. The new player also pays his remaining $500 to the person directly above him on the next tier, which contains 16 people. Since each person on that tier gets paid by two of the newcomers, he ends up with $1,000, thus recouping his original investment. As more people buy in, the players move up the chart. In time, theoretically, each person reaches the top—and $16,000.

The scheme caught on as only a California hustle can. Pawnshops did a booming business, as players hocked stereos to raise the initial fee. Most players, however, were middle-class suburbanites out to fight inflation. Everyone seemed to know someone who had indeed won $16,000. There were runs on local banks for $50 and $100 bills to be used in the night's gaming. Dentists reported patients, even with mouths full of cotton, soliciting them to join the club. Games were held in unlikely hideaways, including Hollywood sound studios, chartered buses and the Grand Salon of the *Queen Mary* at anchorage in Long Beach.

But such an "endless" chain is illegal in California. Since the supply of investors is finite, someone is bound to get burned, sooner or later. By last week, police had arrested 256 pyramid builders, and the craze was showing signs of fading —only to rise again in a less expensive form. The player invests $100, the roster contains 16 names, and the payoff is a modest $800. Enough, perhaps, to pay your lawyer if the police join the game. ■

ISRAEL

"Two Teeth for a Tooth!"

Arab mayors are maimed as West Bank violence takes a grisly turn

Early one morning last week in the israeli-occupied territory of the west Bank, Karim Khalaf, mayor of the resort town of Ramallah, left his rambling stone house to drive 1½ miles to his city hall office. As Khalaf, 43, turned the ignition switch of his green 1980 Cadillac, a bomb exploded beneath his feet. A gardener working in the rear courtyard ran to the car and pulled the screaming mayor from it

Exactly 30 minutes later, in the Arab industrial city of Nablus, 35 miles north of Ramallah, Mayor Bassam Shaka'a, 49, said goodbye to his wife Anaya and his son Nidal, 18. Ordinarily, Nidal performed the chore of starting up the engine on his father's battered 1966 Opel, which was parked in the family courtyard, but on this morning the youth was studying for his high school exams. As the mayor started the ignition and depressed the clutch, a bomb exploded, severing both of his legs. Nidal ran to the car, and cradling his father in his arms, carried him to a neighbor's automobile for the half-mile drive to Rifediya Hospital.

At about the same time, a municipal driver in the city of El-Bireh, adjacent to Ramallah, arrived at the home of Mayor Ibrahim Tawil, 41. He told Tawil of the explosion of Khalaf's car and warned the mayor not to use his own car Later, when an Israeli army demolition expert approached the locked garage where Tawil's Peugeot was kept, a bomb planted in front of the door exploded, blinding the soldier

The car bombs that maimed the two Palestinian mayors and the Israeli soldier had been preceded, after dawn, by the detonation of a time bomb in the Arab marketplace of Hebron, 30 miles south of Ramallah. Seven Palestinians were injured in the explosion. Said one Hebron resident: "God blinded the criminals and made them set it at 6 a.m. instead of 8. Otherwise many more of us would have been killed or injured."

In terms of casualties, last week's West Bank bombings were not nearly as serious as countless acts of Arab terrorism against Israel, or countless Israeli military strikes against Palestinian bases. At the end of last week, in fact, Israeli jets and armored units launched still another raid against Palestinian bases and refugee camps in southern Lebanon. In several other respects, however, the assassination attempts were, without question, among the most shocking and ominous developments in the West Bank since the Israeli conquest of that region in 1967.

In Washington, the Carter Administration reacted with alarm and anger, fearing that the bombings could lead to a more serious unrest. At the U.N., the Security Council unanimously adopted a resolution condemning the bombings. In every Arab capital, from Cairo to Baghdad, governments attacked Israel for its domination of the Palestinians. And within the West Bank, the local population reacted with rage. Strikes were called, but were quickly broken by Israeli soldiers, who ordered shopkeepers not to close, and in some cases broke open locked doors When Mayor Shaka'a was moved to a hospital in Jordan, crowds of Palestinians cheered him and threw flowers on the ambulance in a show of emotion that combined sympathy with protest

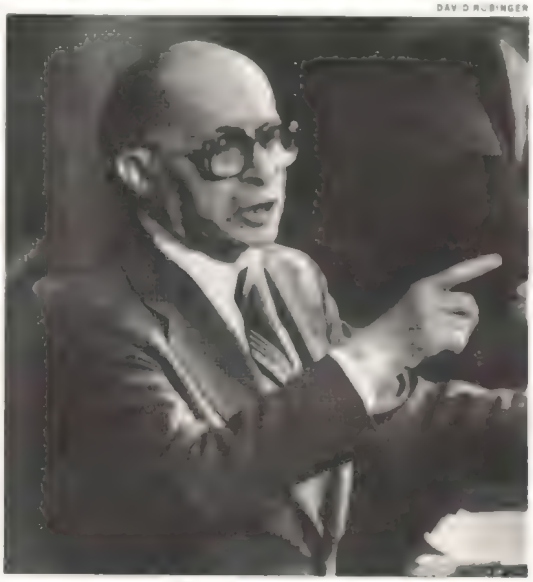
One of the most disturbing aspects of the bombings was that they were the work of experts. The attacks had been well planned and coordinated by a team of terrorists; they clearly were not random acts by one or two individual troublemakers. The grim possibility was that the mayors had been the targets of an underground Jewish terrorist organization. If this should prove to be true, it would introduce a new and frightening dimension into the Israeli-Palestinian conflict

The three mayors concerned are all considered anti-Israeli militants. They belong to an organization called the National Guidance Council, the purpose of which is to coordinate strategy with the Palestine Liberation Organization on the West Bank and Gaza Beyond that, all three are sympathetic to the most radical factions of the P.L.O., and at one time or another have been in difficulty with the Israeli military authorities.

The 2,200-sq.-mi. West Bank has been in almost constant turmoil since the signing of the Camp David accords in September 1978. In the past two months the bloodshed has intensified. Jewish settlers on the West Bank, who constitute about 2% of the population of the region (excluding East Jerusalem), have stepped up their demands for the support of the Israeli authorities, and the government of Prime Minister Menachem Begin has been eager to oblige. When extremist followers of Rabbi Moshe Levinger, founder of the Greater Israel Movement, illegally attempted to re-establish a Jewish presence in the Arab city of Hebron after an absence of more than 40 years, Begin allowed them to remain. In January, after a Jewish student was killed by a sniper's bullet in Hebron, the Israeli government approved the building of two religious schools in Hebron's former Jewish quarter.

Those decisions led directly to more violence; six Jews were killed and 16 were wounded, presumably by Arab terrorists, outside the Hadassah clinic in Hebron. Among the victims was a follower of Rabbi Meir Kahane, leader of the fanatical *Kach* movement and former head of the Jewish Defense League. Vowed Kahane: "Two teeth for a tooth!" Israeli authorities later arrested and imprisoned him under an administrative detention order. In the meantime, Jerusalem police discovered an arms cache on the roof of a Jewish religious school in the Old City. The investigation of the bombings focused on both *Kach* and a little-known shadow world of underground terrorist organizations. One anonymous telephone caller to an Israeli

DAVID RUBINGER



Begin addressing the Knesset on the day of the bombings

A "political Mount St. Helens" was waiting to go off.

news service claimed responsibility for the West Bank explosions in the name of the "Israeli Freedom Fighters Movement —Terror Against Terror." Nobody, not even the Israeli security apparatus, seemed to know much about the identity of such groups.

In a speech to the Knesset last week, Prime Minister Begin denounced the West Bank bombings as "crimes of the gravest type" and promised that those responsible would be brought to justice. But by his intransigence on the question of Palestinian autonomy and his policy of coddling the extremist Jewish settlers and their backers, Begin himself had contributed to the climate of violence. As the Jerusalem *Post* said last week, the bombings were part of "a process whose roots lie in the concept of perpetual Jewish rule in the West Bank, but whose shoots are the denial of coexistence."

A week earlier, Begin had been shaken by the resignation of his popular Defense Minister, Ezer Weizman. Some observers thought Weizman's defection would hasten the fall of Begin's government and the calling of new elections, which are due next year. But Begin appears to have weathered the storm. He avoided a split in his conservative Likud coalition by taking over the Defense portfolio himself; and despite a noisy fight with his conservative Agriculture Minister, Ariel Sharon, Begin won a vote in the Knesset last week, 59 to 48.

Harsh criticism of Begin and his conduct of Israel's affairs came from outside Israel too. As one U.S. State Department official put it, "Begin has gone too far, not once but several times. The situation in the West Bank is dynamite, and no one over there is acting to defuse it." The U.S. believes that a P.L.O. conference held in Damascus two weeks ago marked the end of a diplomatic emphasis and a probable resumption of terrorism. Furthermore, Washington expects the P.L.O. to retaliate for the West Bank bombings. Says an American official: "The situation is made to order for those Palestinians who want to make the West Bank a battlefield." Said the deputy commander of Al-Fatah's military wing, Abu Jihad: "Revolutionary operations will take place within the next few days or weeks."

Western Europeans are so concerned over the deteriorating situation in the Middle East that one British official describes the region as a "political Mount St. Helens." The Europeans are fearful that the Carter Administration will not press very hard for a peace settlement until after the November elections, and for several weeks have been talking about proposing a new U.N. resolution that would affirm not only Israel's right to exist with secure borders but also the Palestinians' right to self-determination. The Europeans were annoyed last week when Jimmy Carter bluntly announced that the U.S. would veto any such Western European measure in the U.N. Security Council. And they were not surprised last Thursday when the U.S. abstained from the Security Council resolution condemning the bombings; the resolution passed by a vote of 14 to 0

The Western Europeans were more impressed with the concern of Egyptian President Anwar Sadat that it might be a mistake to tamper with Resolution 242, lest this incite the Israelis to drop out of the peace negotiations entirely. Instead, when European Community leaders meet in Venice this week, they are expected to adopt a declaration advocating Palestinian self-determination and a role for the P.L.O. in the peace process.

In the West Bank, the bombings left the Palestinian population more desperate than ever. Said one businessman: "The Jews want us out. If the government can't do it, the settlers will be only too willing to try." Concluded an East Jerusalem resident: "We find ourselves caught between the P.L.O. and the Israelis. Each wishes to destroy the other. We fear we will be destroyed in the process." ■

Nablus Mayor Shaka'a, who lost both legs in bombing, is examined by doctor

Mayor Khalaf in Ramallah hospital

Wreckage of Khalaf's 1980 Cadillac, charred and mangled by bomb that exploded

"A situation made to order for those who want to turn the West Bank into a battlefield."

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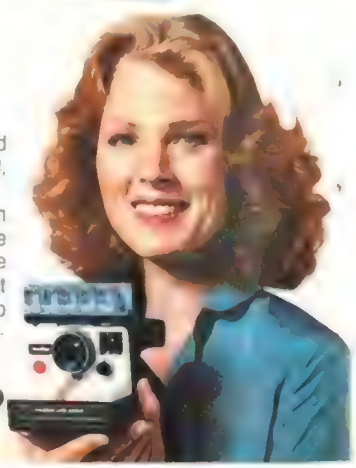

An Interview with Begin

As feisty as ever, the Prime Minister seems to thrive on crisis

His pulse rate is 72, his blood pressure is 140/95, his vision is normal, and his doctors last week pronounced him in excellent condition. Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin, 66, who suffered a stroke last year and a massive heart attack three years ago, is embroiled in domestic political troubles and immersed in a crisis with the Palestinians. But he seems to thrive on this diet of adversity. As feisty and autocratic as ever, Begin talked about his multiple problems last week with TIME *Jerusalem Bureau Chief Dean Fischer in an hour-long interview. Excerpts:*

Q. Are you worried that your government might collapse before the next scheduled elections?

A. Any parliamentary government may collapse, especially a coalition government. In Israel it happens time and again. Can my government collapse? It may. So what? I'm not worried. If we have the confidence of the majority, I don't intend to resign. There may be demonstrations, there may be shouting, but I don't pay any attention to all that noise. My friends and I have the confidence of the people. I intend to serve out our term until the end of October 1981.

Q. Your former Defense Minister [Ezer Weizman] has said he is hopeful your government will collapse.

A. Ah, he's hopeful it will collapse.

Q. And he is hopeful he would depose you as leader.

A. First of all, he's entitled to assume that the government will collapse. He's no less entitled to wish to replace me. What will come out of it in practice we shall see.

Q. Is this threat worrisome?

A. It doesn't touch my outer skin.

Q. Your former Defense Minister deported two Palestinian mayors and a Muslim religious leader after the Hebron slaying of Jewish worshipers. Now that you are serving as Defense Minister as well as Prime Minister, do you condone such actions?

A. [Weizman] didn't take that action on his own. He consulted me. If you ask me who is responsible for expelling them, I suppose I bear the main responsibility. If I had objected, he could not have done it. Those three men are P.L.O. men. Under the circumstances, the deportations were completely justified.

Q. Was that an act of moderation?

A. I believe I have been all my life a moderate man. What should I do more to prove it? With my colleagues, I was instrumental in signing a peace treaty with Egypt. My colleagues and I gave back to Egypt the whole Sinai Peninsula, including two airfields considered among the most sophisticated in the world. We gave back the Alma oilfield, which we discovered and drilled. We got a fourth of our annual oil consumption from that field at a cost of $150 million. We returned it for the sake of peace. I may blush when I say this, but when Vice President Mondale came out to greet me at Andrews Air Force Base, he used the following words: "On behalf of President Carter, I greet you as a hero, a hero of peace."

"Can my government collapse? It may. So what? I'm not worried."

Sometimes I am called an obstacle to peace. But I ask you, can an old man of 66 change? First to be a hero of peace and after 14 months to become an obstacle to peace? What did I say after [the attacks on the Palestinian mayors]? Horrible crimes were perpetrated in the cities of Judea and Samaria [the West Bank]. I ordered an investigation, and we shall continue with that investigation until we find the culprits. They will be apprehended and brought to a court of justice. Did any Arab ruler ever say so after the murder of our men? At any time for the past 32 years, since Israel came into being? There is this moral difference. Not only did we condemn those assassination attempts, we promised to bring them to justice.

Q. Does the possibility that a Jewish terrorist underground movement has been created concern you?

A. We are a country of law and justice and due process. Before we have at least prima-facie proof, let us not voice our suspicions. Our chief of staff told the foreign affairs and defense committee they might have been Jews and they might have been Arabs. It is a fact that Arabs kill Arabs in this country. But I do not exclude other possibilities. I say whoever did it perpetrated a horrible crime. And I do not say that Mr. Shaka'a [mayor of Nablus] is a friend of Israel. He is not. But he is a human being. And nobody is entitled to try to kill him. It is a horrible tragedy. But how can I say there is a Jewish underground if I do not have proof? If we find proof, we shall say so. We shall not cover up anything.

Q. Do you think the stalemate in the autonomy talks creates a climate in which extremists on either side tend to fill the vacuum?

A. Not at all. It doesn't have anything to do with it. This stalemate will pass. I think we shall renew our talks very soon. I have lately had a very friendly exchange of letters with President Sadat. He expressed deep friendship for me. I expressed deep friendship for him. But he suspended the talks. I asked him to suggest another date and we shall consider it.

Q. Do you regard your positions on the issues of security, East Jerusalem and the powers to be given the autonomy council as negotiable or non-negotiable?

A. If we suggest continuation of the talks, it means I want to negotiate. But we have differences of opinion. If Egypt's proposals on security are adopted, there will be permanent bloodshed. If we are not responsible for security, the P.L.O. will come in. Every proposal on security made by General [Kamal Hassan] Ali [Egyptian Foreign Minister] is a contradiction of the Camp David agreement. That agreement never mentions that the self-governing authority should be responsible for security. President Sadat said there should be Arab sovereignty over East Jerusalem. It is our capital city. He cannot dictate to us what we should do with our capital.

Q. Do you think the talks will resume before the American presidential elections in November?

A. What connection do our autonomy negotiations have with the American presidential election? I don't accept it. I don't interfere with the democratic processes of America.

Fanatic Fringe

Zealous nationalism stirs strife

Who are the Jewish extremists on the occupied West Bank who may have brought the territory to a flash point? Most of them migrated there to live in the 64 Jewish settlements that have been established in the West Bank since it was captured by Israel in 1967. Many were moved by an idealistic conviction that they were settling in Eretz Israel, the biblical land of the prophets. Others had more contemporary, political motives. In any case, their zealous nationalism has spawned increasingly violent bouts of intercommunal strife between Arabs and Jews. As the reciprocal hostility has mounted, youthful Jewish settlers often roam among the Arab districts, smashing windows and slashing tires, even invading Arab homes and beating up their occupants. The nationalists have also acquired disproportionate political power and independence within Israel, to the point that some observers fear an outright insurrection might be possible if, for instance, an Israeli government were to try to remove the settlements.

Kach's Kahane

The differing shades of right-wing militancy have given rise to two main groups. Both originated with the Greater Israel Movement, formed in 1967 with the aim of annexing the West Bank. The most militant organization is Rabbi Meir Kahane's *Kach* (meaning "thus" in Hebrew), which the Brooklyn-born rabble-rouser established in Israel in 1974. Though only 30% of *Kach's* 400 members are Orthodox Jews, Kahane and his cohorts insist that the state of Israel should be governed according to biblical precepts. Kahane openly advocates violence to drive the Arabs out of the West Bank. One of his aims in creating the group, he has said, was to build a counterterrorist organization in opposition to Arab terrorist groups.

Somewhat less extreme is the larger *Gush Emunim* (Group of the Faithful), founded after the 1973 war by Rabbi Moshe Levinger, 44. *Gush* urges a policy of aggressive Jewish settlements in all the occupied Arab lands. In several instances it has used the tactic of illegal squatting until *de facto* settlement is finally recognized by the Israeli government.

Both *Gush* and *Kach* denied responsibility for last week's attempted assassinations but they did not decry them. Said *Kach* Spokesman Yossi Dayan: "We warned these mayors that they had to leave Eretz Israel. If they had listened to us, they would be able to walk today." ■

U.S. Delegates Ramsey Clark and Paul Washington at anti-U.S. conference in Tehran

IRAN

Baiting the U.S.

With American help

"Carter is vainly trying to intimidate a nation yearning for martyrdom. We prefer to ride donkeys, live in dire misery, but never again to become enslaved under U.S. domination." So said Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini, speaking from the balcony of his home north of Tehran and, as usual, fulminating against America. He was not the only one. In Iran last week everyone, it seemed, had it in for the U.S. Some 500 delegates from 50 countries met in the capital for the express purpose of castigating "U.S. interventions in Iran." Among them was a group of ten prominent Americans, headed by former Attorney General Ramsey Clark, who had defied a presidential ban on travel to Iran in order to attend the four-day official conference.

It was not Clark's first foray into controversy. As an antiwar activist in 1972, he had visited North Viet Nam to investigate U.S. bombing of civilian targets. Shortly after the embassy takeover last November, he headed for Tehran as President Carter's negotiator, but turned back when Khomeini refused to receive him. Among others who accompanied him last week were Nobel Laureate George Wald of Harvard, Civil Rights Activist Paul Washington, and Clergymen John Walsh and Charles Kimball, who had visited the hostages in December. Their purpose, according to Wald: to convince the Iranians that the hostage crisis "has become a liability for them."

Addressing the assembly in the ornate ballroom of the Tehran Hilton, Clark bitterly denounced U.S. interference in Iran, Chile and Viet Nam. The lanky, pugnacious Texan also called for the release of the 53 U.S. hostages held in Iran since Nov. 4; but he sugar-coated his criticism by emotionally professing that he "could understand the seizure of the hostages in human terms." At the same time, Clark demanded the trial of the Shah by an international tribunal, and criticized Carter's support for the ousted monarch.

After defending the Iranian revolution from the podium, Clark met privately with Iran's President Abolhassan Banisadr and went even further. The maverick U.S. lawyer said he had been persuaded to form a stateside commission to investigate alleged U.S. crimes against Iran. But Clark's initiative apparently did not strengthen his standing at the conference: the American delegation was unable to get a single reference to the hostages into the final resolution. Furthermore, Clark himself was denounced as a possible spy acting on Carter's behalf in the resolution, which accused him of plotting like a "latter-day Rudolf Hess."

In the U.S., Clark and his traveling companions were widely criticized as tools of Iranian propaganda. White House Spokesman Jody Powell noted that the violation of the presidential travel ban could legally be punished by $50,000 fines and ten-year prison sentences. Several members of the group were briefly detained when they arrived in New York late last week. Customs officials confiscated conference-related documents and copied them before returning them.

Few of Washington's Iran experts feel that Clark's trip or his proposed investigation will help advance the release of the hostages. As one analyst noted, "*Mea culpas* don't have any effect on the militants." There was talk at week's end of a new Banisadr-Clark plan that, in addition to the Clark "investigation," called for 1) a halt to U.S. support for the Shah's family, 2) the completion of abandoned U.S. projects in Iran, and 3) a U.S. pledge of nonintervention in Iran. Whatever the merits of that scenario, which appeared to be as nebulous as numerous others in the past, there seems to be little hope for any resolution of the crisis until the new Iranian parliament —to which Khomeini has entrusted the ultimate fate of the hostages—can overcome its internal dissensions and at least name a Prime Minister and Cabinet. ■

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ITALY

Terrorist Tip

A suspect's story rocks Rome

Cossiga

Donat-Cattin

When police arrested Roberto Sandalo, 26, in Turin last April, they could hardly wait to quiz him about his activities in the terrorist *Prima Linea* (Front Line) group, a leftist organization second in notoriety only to the Red Brigades. Sandalo's testimony, they hoped, might enable them to catch and indict a few of his revolutionary comrades. It had a vastly greater effect. It threatened to topple the center-left coalition of Christian Democratic Prime Minister Francesco Cossiga, one of the most promising governments in Rome in many years. It transformed this week's regional and local elections from a ho-hum event into a hard-fought and hard-to-predict contest. And it seemed certain to give the powerful Communists a valuable opposition issue for some time to come.

The most stunning part of Sandalo's testimony was his account of a remarkable meeting he had with Carlo Donat-Cattin, deputy secretary-general and No. 2 man in the dominant Christian Democratic Party. It seemed that Donat-Cattin's son Marco, 28, was a fellow member of *Prima Linea*. According to Sandalo, when the father learned that police were about to start a man hunt for Marco, he summoned Sandalo and begged him to warn his son that he should flee the country. But who tipped off Donat-Cattin about the impending arrest? Sandalo claimed it came from the top—from Prime Minister Cossiga himself.

Donat-Cattin resigned from his post last week "to be at liberty to answer the insinuations." So far he has not been very successful. At first he insisted that he had not been in touch with his son for a couple of years; later he conceded that he had contacted him through Sandalo. He also admitted that he had gone to see Cossiga to learn details about his son's case, but denied that he got any solid information from the Prime Minister. The warning about his son's arrest warrant, he claims, came in an anonymous letter that he says he later destroyed.

Although a parliamentary commission questioned the Prime Minister and voted 11 to 9 to drop the case, Enrico Berlinguer's Communist Party accused Cossiga of misusing his office and demanded his resignation. Publicly, the parties that constitute Cossiga's coalition—the Christian Democrats, Socialists and Republicans—proclaimed their support of the beleaguered Prime Minister, and he staunchly refused to resign. "Is it possible that anyone could accuse me of protecting terrorists?" Cossiga asked friends incredulously. After all, Cossiga had served as Interior Minister from 1976 to 1978, Italy's worst period of terrorism, and had refused to negotiate with the Red Brigades for the release of Aldo Moro, his close friend and the country's most widely respected politician. After Moro's murder, Cossiga took full moral responsibility and resigned.

After returning from political oblivion last August, he acquired a strong reputation for vigor and rectitude, appointing experts instead of political cronies to a number of difficult government jobs, launching an effective energy conservation program, implementing a tough anti-terrorist law and pushing an ambitious three-year economic program. Now, once again because of terrorism, he was fighting for his political life. ■

NEW HEBRIDES

Coup in Paradise

Takeover by bow and arrow

Swaying palms, warm breezes, gentle waves—when it comes to the Melanesian archipelago of the New Hebrides, the standard tropical clichés are in order. The 72-island chain was, after all, the model for James Michener's Bali Ha'i in *Tales of the South Pacific*, later turned into a musical by Rodgers and Hammerstein. Now, after 74 years of joint British-French colonial rule and on the eve of independence, the archipelago and its 100,000 inhabitants are experiencing their first political upheaval.

As revolutions go, it has been a gentle affair. On May 28, 800 Melanesians, some toting clubs and bows and arrows, took over the island of Espiritu Santo, the largest in the chain. Accompanied by 50 colons, mostly French, the islanders captured Santo's police and radio stations, seized an armory, and proclaimed "the provisional government of Vemarana." The rebels, who are French speaking, reject the New Hebrides independence plan because they fear the new regime, dominated by the English-speaking populace in the capital of Vila, on the island of Efate 170 miles to the south, is insensitive to their needs.

The secessionist movement is headed by Jimmy Stevens, 58, who drove bulldozers before emerging as a separatist leader of Espiritu Santo. "Moli" (chief), as his supporters call Stevens, was elected Chief Minister of Vemarana after the takeover. Holding court in a former dance school that now bears the pidgin-English sign VEMARANA OFIS, he told TIME Correspondent John Dunn: "Time is not important here. We will be open for business in a few days. We want to be free to make our own decisions, to run our own economy and have a picnic when we feel like having one."

Espiritu Santo Leader Jimmy Stevens

Charisma, and an unusual sponsor.

If Stevens has charisma, he also has an unusual outside sponsor in Michael Oliver, 51, an American real estate developer, coin dealer and fervent anti-Communist. In the mid-'70s, as the leader of a group called the Phoenix Foundation, Oliver tried—and failed—to build a utopian, tax-free haven for free enterprise on Abaco, in the Bahamas. Over the past decade, Oliver estimates, he has spent $130,000 on air fares, radios, even flags, in support of Stevens' secession movement.

Last week at his home in Carson City, Nev., Oliver welcomed the mini-coup. Eventually he hopes to move to Santo, where he plans to operate a 2,000-acre sugar plantation. "The islanders want development," he says. "They want electricity and roads and jobs. They don't want to live in the bush with the mosquitoes. There's no such thing as the noble savage."

Both France and Britain are treading lightly. Since 1906, when they began to administer the New Hebrides jointly, the islands have lived under two flags, two bureaucracies and two languages. Independence is scheduled for July 30, and London and Paris are hoping that the local government can work out a compromise. "We absolutely refuse to get involved," French Overseas Minister Paul Dijoud said after a meeting in Paris last week with his British counterpart, Peter Blaker, who called for fresh talks with the rebels but also warned that Britain might consider military action if the insurrection continues. ■

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World

CHINA

Corrupt Cadres

Peking's new war on crime

SHENYANG CITY CRACKS BIG THEFT CASE, blared the front-page headline in the Peking *People's Daily*. GOLD THIEF EXECUTED. Such lurid stories were once unheard of in China's staid official party newspaper, but recently the *People's Daily* and other Chinese papers have been publishing accounts of criminal wrongdoing almost daily. Even more unusual, the individuals being fingered in the press are ranking government and party officials. Reports TIME Peking Bureau Chief Richard Bernstein: "The fact that they are now being publicly denounced on the country's front pages indicates that the top leadership in Peking is stepping up its campaign against venal and corrupt practices within its own ranks, a problem that has long been a major source of cynicism and unhappiness among China's ordinary people."

Many of the crimes charged to Communist cadres show how easily officials have been able to use their power not only to violate the law but also to avoid punishment. For example, as head of the planning section of a factory in the northeast city of Shenyang, Guan Qingchong, the gold thief mentioned in the *People's Daily*, was able some 19 years ago to make off with 806 oz. of industrial gold. Ever since then, he had got steady promotions, while two provincial leaders had been hounded to suicide after being falsely accused of the crime. Guan's undoing came only last April, when, trying to profit from an increase in the state purchase price of private gold, he sold 100 oz. of his horde at the local bank. A suspicious teller notified

the public security police, who quickly searched Guan's home and found the rest of his hidden loot.

Among convicted officials, Guan is one of the very few to suffer the extreme penalty of execution. Most of the others have been dismissed from their posts or jailed, with the stiffest penalties going to those who tried to blame underlings. In Zhejiang province, one commune party secretary named Ji Xinquan got five years in jail for having brought trumped-up court charges against two commune members who had exposed him for stealing timber.

The pattern of special advantages that are enjoyed by officials in China's supposedly privilege-free society is revealed in case after case. Even the strict population-control regulations can sometimes be flouted by those with power. In Guangdong province, for example, one commune party secretary's wife gave birth to a fifth child—three more than the maximum allowed. When the overly fertile wife and her husband were both elevated to higher ranks, local townspeople were prompted to express their envy. Cadres' lives, they complained, are filled with "double happiness—a growing family and promotion too."

In another case that came to light last week, a Communist cadre named Hou Li used forged letters of introduction to hire a large dance hall in the name of the People's Liberation Army. Then he proceeded to make a killing by selling overpriced tickets to a ball that he arranged to be held there. His punishment: two years in a work camp.

Other abuses of power range from bribetaking in order to help people get exit visas for Hong Kong to falsifying university exam scores. One of the most common abuses among officials is influence peddling to obtain favors for their children. As a modern-day Chinese proverb has it: "The 10,000 things are good, but they are not as good as a well-connected father." In Shanghai, one clever young swindler named Tang Fang posed as the son of the first secretary of the provincial party committee, a ruse that won him not only watches, money and fashionable clothes but also the affection of a comely female soldier.

Corrupt and incompetent functionaries, in the eyes of many analysts, are numerous enough to be a serious obstacle to the country's ambitious modernization drive. What clearly worries Peking is the fact that, in a country where most people still lead poor, austere lives, abuses of power have a generally demoralizing effect. Admits one Chinese journalist in Peking: "It has taken us a long time to realize how deep this problem is." ■

Milestones

BORN. To **Edsel Ford II,** 31, only son of retired Ford Motor Co. Chairman Henry Ford II and currently assistant managing director of Ford Australia, and his wife **Cynthia Neskow Ford,** 29: a son, their first child; in Melbourne. Name: Henry Ford III, after his grandfather and his great-great-grandfather, Henry Ford I, the firm's founder.

MARRIED. Charles Samuel Addams, 68, necrographic *New Yorker* cartoonist; and **Marilyn Matthews Miller,** 53, a Long Island patron of animal welfare groups; both for the third time; in Water Mill, N.Y. For the wedding, in a dog cemetery on the grounds of her estate, the bride wore a black velvet dress and carried a black feather fan. Said she: "He thought it would be nice and cheerful."

DIED. Arthur C. Nielsen, 83, founder and longtime chairman of the A.C. Nielsen Co., the Illinois-based market research firm (1979 revenues: $398 million); of pneumonia; in Chicago. Though the company's largest operation is its retail index, which charts purchases of grocery and drugstore products for corporate clients, it is most widely known as the source of the TV audience ratings that make or break shows and network executives alike. The system remains virtually unchanged since Nielsen introduced it in 1950: the TV tastes of the nation are distilled from a scientifically selected and highly secret sample of 1,170 "Nielsen families" across the country, who are paid $50 a year to have their viewing preferences electronically monitored by a little metal box attached to their sets.

DIED. Henry Miller, 88, earthy novelist and evangelist of unfettered sex, once hailed by Norman Mailer as "the last great American pioneer," in Pacific Palisades, Calif. After two decades as a roustabout in jobs ranging from a tailor shop to a New York speakeasy, Miller joined the expatriate migration to Paris, where he wrote his autobiographical sagas, *Tropic of Cancer,* (1934), and *Tropic of Capricorn,* (1939). Their bawdiness prevented their publication in the U.S. until the liberated 1960s, but Miller, who married five times and spent his later years ruminating on California's Big Sur, lived to see his forbidden works become near-classics. "I said I was going to write the truth, so help me God," he once declared. "And I thought I was. I found I couldn't. Nobody can write the absolute truth."

DIED. Richard W. ("Rube") **Marquard,** 90, Hall of Fame pitcher for the old New York Giants and Brooklyn Dodgers, whose string of 19 victories in a row at the start of the 1912 season remains a record; of cancer; in Baltimore.

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Upset Win for an Unknown Colt

In the Belmont, Temperence Hill spoils a showdown

Certain exhortations belong to certain sports. The official starter has always intoned the imperative: "Gentlemen, start your engines." Umpires immemorially have shouted: "Play ball!" Runners have forever been instructed: "On your mark, set, go!" But when the horses reached the starting gate for the 112th running of the Belmont Stakes, Track Caller Marshall Cassidy could have been forgiven if he were tempted to mix phrases.

In gate No. 1 was Genuine Risk, the filly who broke a 65-year tradition to outrun the colts in the Kentucky Derby this year. In gate No. 2 was Codex, the California colt who beat Genuine Risk in the Preakness despite a controversial ride by his jockey that resulted in a foul claim and an almost unheard-of appeal for state authorities to overturn the results of a Triple Crown classic. Given the circumstances, Cassidy might have bypassed the traditional "And they're off!" in favor of a salutation more suitable to the ill will of a horse race turned grudge match: "Shake hands and come out fighting."

Overlooked in the emotional duel between Genuine Risk and Codex was a typical Belmont field: a collection of dangerous colts that had been lightly raced through the spring, lying in wait for the favorites to falter. Among them was Temperence Hill. The Kentucky-bred bay colt had won the Arkansas Derby, then faltered in his final Triple Crown prep races and been returned to his home stable on the Belmont backstretch to recoup. Trainer Joe Cantey decided to test his horse in the Withers Stakes, one week after the Kentucky Derby, but the colt finished second and Temperence Hill's chances of running in the Preakness ended there.

When bettors looked up his credentials for the Belmont, they discovered that Temperence Hill seemed even further off form after the Withers. He ambled home fifth, eleven lengths behind the leader, in the Pennsylvania Derby. The colt had come in third in his last outing, a simple allowance race. It was hardly a flashy showing—or classy company—for a colt bent on winning the most difficult of the Triple Crown classics. Not surprisingly, Temperence Hill went off at 50-to-1 odds. But the Belmont, with its withering distance of 1½ miles and its deep, fatiguing track—compounded this day by a rain that turned the surface to mud—has long been a race of upsets.

Since 1940, 27 colts have gone to the post as odds-on favorites; only twelve have come home winners. Last year Coastal blasted out of the field to crush Spectacular Bid's try for the Triple Crown; in 1961, Carry Back was whipped by Sherluck, which paid $130.10 on a $2 bet, the longest upset odds in Triple Crown history. The 1980 Belmont was to prove the same, as Temperence Hill put on a rousing stretch run to sail to the wire two lengths ahead of Genuine Risk. The Loblolly Farm colt returned $108.80.

Jockey Eddie Maple drives his colt past Genuine Risk

"The laziest, most unconcerned animal you've ever seen."

Ridden brilliantly by Jockey Eddie Maple, Temperence Hill hung just behind the competition through the first turn and backstretch, easing into fourth place as the horses worked their way into the clubhouse turn. Driving around on the outside, Maple moved the colt into third at the head of the stretch, while Genuine Risk fired into the lead. As Maple flailed away with his whip, Temperence Hill closed on the filly, eased ahead by a nose as Genuine Risk tried valiantly to stave off his charge. Finally, the colt was a jump ahead, then stretched his lead to a full two lengths, a convincing showing over a muddy track. The $176,220 Belmont purse nearly equaled Temperence Hill's previous career earnings of $187,004—barely barn money these days.

As for the much touted showdown between Codex and Genuine Risk, it was no contest. Codex, like most California colts unaccustomed to and ineffective on muddy tracks, faded to a dismal seventh-place finish almost nine lengths behind the winner and more than seven lengths, or 22 yds., down the track from the filly. Genuine Risk, the only horse in the field to enter all three of the Crown classics, has run the hardest racing season of any three-year-old in the country. No filly in thoroughbred history has had as difficult a spring. Her showing in the deep mire of the Belmont Stakes validated her claim to a remarkable niche in the history of the turf. Fillies, lighter and less muscular than colts, are supposedly unable to run races as long as the Belmont so early in their careers. Yet she bested all save one. Gallant and dead game, Genuine Risk earned her place in the record books: the first filly to finish in the money in the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness and the Belmont Stakes.

Nonetheless, the day belonged to Temperence Hill. Ironically, Cantey had considered scratching the colt just hours before the race. Temperence Hill had run only one race on a muddy track, performing poorly. Said Cantey: "He's a big gawky colt and he was slipping and sliding a bit." Cantey and Owner John Anthony, a lumberman from Fordyce, Ark., huddled to ponder the possibilities. Temperence Hill, named for a 19th century Arkansas Methodist church that Anthony's ancestors attended, had not originally been nominated for the Belmont, so it would cost $20,000 in late-entry fees for him to go to the post. Figuring that the muddy track would hurt the California entries more than their Eastern colt, Anthony and Cantey decided to go ahead as planned. Temperence Hill had tended to let his mind wander in earlier races, and so required a hard ride from Jockey Maple to keep him in the race. Said Anthony: "He's the laziest, most unconcerned animal you've ever seen. One of the big problems we've always had is getting his attention. He seems to get bored with what he's doing." After a Belmont upset that was far from boring for colt and fans alike, Temperence Hill can now lay claim to the attention of the whole racing world. ■

Only The New Chrysler Corporation has a satisfaction guarantee. Toyota, Datsun and Honda don't.*

Ford and GM don't.

Buy one of our new 1980 front-wheel-drive cars for personal use from a participating Dodge or Chrysler/Plymouth dealer. Drive it up to 30 days or 1,000 miles—whichever comes first. If you're not completely satisfied, you'll get your money back. Our confidence in the quality of our products has been justified. About ½ of 1 percent of our front-wheel-drive customers have asked for a refund under our money-back guarantee. Compare and you'll know why...

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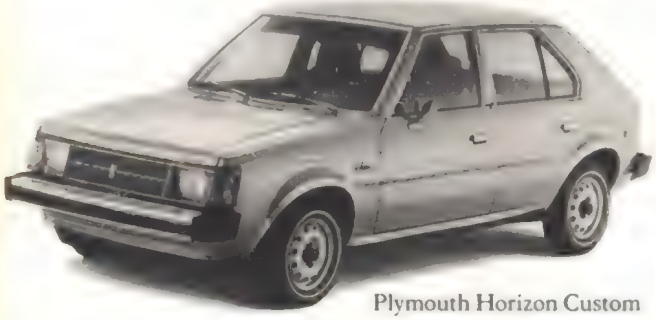
The New Chrysler Corporation is in the driver's seat with front-wheel-drive.

The New Chrysler the driver's seat with

Plymouth TC3 Turismo

Plymouth Champ Custor



Plymouth Horizon Custom

Plymouth Horizon

Plymouth Champ

Plymouth TC3

Plymouth TC3 Sport Appearance

Corporation is in front-wheel-drive.

Dodge 024 Sport Appearance

Dodge Colt

Dodge 024 DeTomaso

Dodge Omni Custom

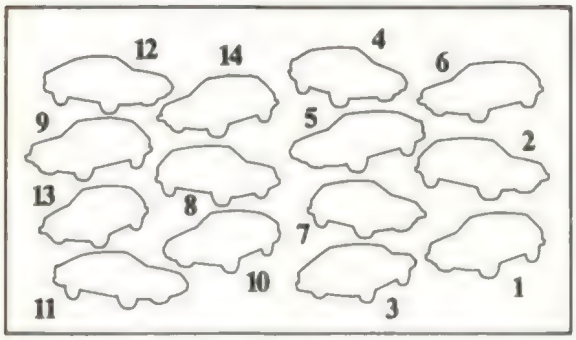
Dodge Colt Custom

Dodge Omni

Dodge 024

See next page for front-wheel-drive buyer's guide details.

The New Chrysler Corporation Front-Wheel-Drive Buyer's Guide.



1. Dodge Omni. $5526.*
(23) EPA est. mpg./33 est. hwy.**

Standard features: Overhead cam 1.7 liter 4-cyl. engine. 4-speed manual transmission. Vinyl bucket seats. Electronic ignition. Radial tires. Front disc brakes. Rack-and-pinion steering. Iso-Strut front suspension Independent rear suspension. Trip odometer. AM radio. Electric clock Rear window defroster. Map light. Tinted glass. Bodyside molding Luggage compartment light. Rear hatchback. Fold-down back seat

2. Dodge Omni Custom. $5716.*
(23) EPA est. mpg./33 est. hwy.**

Standard features: Omni standard features plus Custom vinyl bucket seats. Woodtone instrument panel. Glove box lock. Knit cloth covered headlining. Cigar lighter. Trim moldings on upper door frame, drip rail, wheel lip and sill

3. Dodge 024. $5681.*
(23) EPA est. mpg./33 est. hwy.**

Standard features: Overhead cam 1.7 liter 4-cyl. engine. 4-speed manual transmission. Electronic ignition. Radial tires. Front disc brakes. Rack and-pinion steering. Iso-Strut front suspension. Independent rear sus pension. Trip odometer. AM/FM radio. Electric clock. Rear window defroster. Map light. Tinted glass. Front door arm rests. Rear hatchback Fold-down back seat

4. Dodge 024 Sport Appearance. $6112.*
(23) EPA est. mpg./33 est. hwy.**

Standard features: 024 standard features plus windshield wiper arm, belt mouldings, taillamp accents painted black. Rear air spoiler. Black dual remote control mirrors. P175/75R13 WSW steel belted radials Rallye road wheels. Sport steering wheel. Rallye Instrument Cluster with tachometer, clock and trip odometer

5. Dodge 024 DeTomaso. $7271.*
(23) EPA est. mpg./33 est. hwy.**

Standard features: 024 standard features plus front and rear air spoilers Quarter window louvers. Rallye Instrument Cluster with tachometer Four cast aluminum road wheels. Wheel flares. Sport suspension. Per formance 3.5:1 final drive ratio. P185/70R13 BSW tires. Brushed metal roof band. Leather-wrapped sport steering wheel. Blackout lower body and trim treatment Black dual remote control mirrors. "DeTomaso" graphics

6. Dodge Colt. $4430.*
(37) EPA est. mpg./47 est. hwy.**

Standard features: 1.4 liter 4-cyl. MCA-JET engine. 4 speed manual transmission.† Rack-and-pinion steering. Power front disc brakes. Styled road wheels. Reclining bucket seats. Tinted glass. Fuel lid lock. Flip open quarter windows. Rear window defroster. Folding rear seat

7. Dodge Colt Custom. $4792.*
(33) EPA est. mpg./43 est. hwy.**

Standard features: Colt standard features plus 1.6 liter 4 cyl. MCA-JET engine. Floor console. Twin-stick transmission. Sport steering wheel. Cloth and vinyl interior. Remote liftgate opener. Custom tape stripes. 155SR-13 WSW steel-belted radial tires. Rear security shelf

8. Plymouth Horizon. $5526.*
(23) EPA est. mpg./33 est. hwy.**

Standard features: Two-barrel, four-cyl. 1.7 liter OHC engine. Four speed manual transmission. Vinyl bucket seats. Iso-Strut front suspen sion. Independent rear suspension. Rack-and-pinion steering. Electronic ignition system. Self-adjusting front disc brakes. Fold-down rear seat 3rd-door hatchback. Electric rear window defroster. Radial tires. AM radio. Front door arm rests. Tinted glass

9. Plymouth Horizon Custom. $5716.*
(23) EPA est. mpg./33 est. hwy.**

Standard features: Horizon standard features plus woodtone instrument panel. Vinyl bucket seats. Knit cloth headliner. Cigarette lighter. Drip rail molding. Wheel lip molding. Sill moldings. Upper door frame mold ings. Glove box lock

10. Plymouth TC3. $5681.*
(23) EPA est. mpg./33 est. hwy.**

Standard features: Two-barrel, 4-cyl. 1.7 liter OHC engine. Iso-Strut front suspension. Independent rear suspension. Rack-and-pinion steer ing. Self-adjusting front disc brakes. Fold-down rear seat. 3rd-door hatchback. AM/FM radio. Tinted glass. Rear window defroster. Radial tires. Front door arm rests. Electronic ignition

11. Plymouth TC3 Sport Appearance. $6112.*
(23) EPA est. mpg./33 est. hwy.**

Standard features: TC3 standard features plus windshield wiper arm. belt mouldings, taillamp accents painted black. Rear air spoiler. Black dual remote control mirrors. P175/75R13 WSW steel belted radials Rallye road wheels. Sport steering wheel. Rallye Instrument Cluster with tachometer, clock and trip odometer

12. Plymouth TC3 Turismo. $6905.*
(23) EPA est. mpg./33 est. hwy.**

Standard features: TC3 standard features plus power steering. Dual horns. Dual remote control mirrors. Day/night inside mirror. Premium interior package. Halogen headlamps. AM/FM stereo radio. Rallye Instrument Cluster. Power front disc brakes. Four cast aluminum road wheels. P185/70R13 radial tires. Rear deck spoiler. Black finish front, rear and side trim

13. Plymouth Champ. $4430.*
(37) EPA est. mpg./47 est. hwy.**

Standard features: 1.4 liter 4-cyl. MCA-JET engine. Four speed manual transmission.† Rack-and-pinion steering. Power disc brakes. Reclining bucket seats. Tinted glass. Styled road wheels. Trip odometer. Rear window defroster

14. Plymouth Champ Custom. $4792.*
(33) EPA est. mpg./43 est. hwy.**

Standard features: Champ standard features plus 1.6 liter 4-cyl. MCA JET engine. Twin-stick transmission. Floor console. Sport steering wheel. Chrome bumpers. Color accent side stripes. Assist grips. Cloth and-vinyl upholstery trim. Remote liftgate release. Steel-belted radials

Available options:

Air conditioner. Roof-mount luggage rack. AM/FM stereo radio Automatic transmission. Automatic speed control (Omni, 024, Horizon TC3 only). Sunroof. Power steering. (Omni, 024, Horizon, TC3 only) Rear wiper/washer

**Use EPA est. mpg numbers for comparison. Your mileage may vary depending on speed, weather and trip length. Actual highway mileage will probably be lower than highway estimates. Colt and Champ estimates with 4 speed manual transmission (not available in California). California estimates differ.

*Sticker price excluding taxes and destination charges. †No charge option.

The New Chrysler Corporation is in the driver's seat with front-wheel-drive.

The Perpetual Miracle of Smokey

A soul master eases through 40 with old gifts and new hits

The voice works its way every place, any time. Over a car radio at high noon in the Mojave. On a cassette recorder during a long day at the beach. No matter how early the hour or how bright the glare. When Smokey Robinson comes on, the shades are drawn and lights go down all over the world.

He made his first big hit, *Shop Around*, when he was 20. It launched Robinson, the group he helped form, the Miracles, and the upstart Detroit record company that released it on a wing and a prayer, Motown. In the decades since Smokey passed along some tuneful romantic advice ("My mama told me/ You better shop around"), Motown changed from a phenomenon to a corporation. Smokey became vice president of artist relations. He named his son Berry after his friend Berry Gordy Jr., founder of Motown, and christened his daughter Tamla after the Motown subsidiary for which Smokey still records. When he was not tending to official responsibilities and keeping business in the family, Smokey also wrote, produced and performed some of the most enduring rhythm and blues ever made.

The church kept easy company with the street corner in his rich melodies, and his lyrics had a shimmering, reflective grace that, at his pleasure, could challenge or seduce. With the Miracles, Smokey helped make a kind of soul music that balanced ghetto pride and middle-class ambition. Some of the group's best tunes—*The Tracks of My Tears, You've Really Got a Hold on Me, I Second That Emotion, Ooo Baby Baby*—stayed true to the R & B roots even as they beckoned, and found, a larger pop audience

The son of a truck driver and a government worker who died when her only son was ten, William ("Smokey") Robinson was a kid who spent his candy money on music books but figured that the future would be brighter if he followed a more practical bent. He thought about dentistry, considered electrical engineering, "but between high school and college I met Berry Gordy." Smokey and four cronies from Detroit's North End—Warren Pete Moore, Bobby Rogers, Ron White and Claudette Rogers—formed the Miracles, and Smokey left college during the first semester. The name of the debut Miracles single could have been a proud rebuke to guidance counselors everywhere: *Got a Job*

The Miracles ended 1960 with one gold record. By the end of the decade they had seven more. Motown grew into a kind of consortium of all-American soul as Gordy moved acts like the Supremes, Marvin Gaye and—yes—the Miracles out of the soul circuit and into the mainstream. Eventually Smokey seemed to lose his footing a little bit. He broke with the Miracles in 1972, wanting to spend time with his family. His solo records, smoothly crafted, were winning but not involving, irresolute, somehow, as if written and recorded on automatic.

WM. FRANKLIN MC MAHON

"It's like getting a Ph.D. in soul": Robinson in concert

As bad as the best and as cool as they come.

The success last year of *Where There's Smoke* and its hit single *Cruisin'* started to change things. His new album, *Warm Thoughts*, shows that Smokey has snapped firmly back into gear. The album and its first single, *Let Me Be the Clock*, have both gone gold, helping to dispatch Smokey onto a just completed concert tour that will take off again this fall for Europe. Listening to Smokey's gift-wrapped voice, working through the easeful funk of *Warm Thoughts*, is a full curriculum of fine and applied musical science. Says Smokey's assistant, Randy Dunlap: "Being with Smokey is like getting a Ph.D. in soul." Adds longtime Fan Carolyn Collins: "Oh, man, I don't think he's changed He got quiet for a while, but he's still cool-blooded. He's still bad."

Bad as the best and as cool as they come, Smokey is remarkably low key for a soul master. Onstage, like Sinatra, he just stands easy and sings. Before a show, Smokey, a vegetarian, will chew on nuts, cauliflower, celery and have a glass of tomato juice (he does not go near the hard stuff). Then, usually, he says a prayer of thanks. "I'm a very, very strong believer in God," Smokey told TIME Correspondent David Jackson backstage after a recent concert. "I will pray just to give thanks that I am able to do all this." What he cannot do, he insists, is dance ("Never could"). No matter. The snuggling sexuality of his voice seems to move him all over the stage and right out into the audience, even if he stays firmly rooted to the spot. "I want them to hear what they came to hear," Smokey says. "If I don't remember all the words to some of the old songs, I'll sing what I remember. We all have a great time. I can be down in the dumps and really feeling bad. But when I go onstage, it's like wow. It's like . . . oh, playing golf."

Smokey may seem like any suburban grandee offstage, but there probably are not many men on the golf course who remember what it was like to get shot at while their tour bus rolled down the backwoods of Dixie. Robinson's lead guitarist, Marvin Tarplin, who co-wrote *Going to a Go-Go* and *Cruisin'*, still carries for luck a towel he boosted from "the first Holiday Inn that would take blacks down South." Memories like that, as formative as any musical roots, give Robinson's songs the kind of force that sets them above standard love tunes. The loss and pain in his music always seem to go a little deeper than a broken heart

This may account in part for the fact that when Linda Ronstadt tried her own version of *The Tracks of My Tears*, she sounded like a jilted cheerleader crying into her loose-leaf. Smokey, however, steadfastly refuses to say a discouraging word about any of the multitude of cover versions of his tunes. "I don't have any criticism. When someone records your songs it's a form of flattery. I'm even happy when someone who can't carry a tune tries to sing along." Maybe so. But he has also got to know that, in any Smokey Robinson singalong, there is only going to be one voice you will hear.

— *Jay Cocks*

Carnival Knowledge

BRONCO BILLY *Directed by Clint Eastwood; Screenplay by Dennis Hackin*
CARNY *Directed by Robert Kaylor; Screenplay by Thomas Baum*

Clint Eastwood and Sondra Locke: a good-as-gold rodeo star and his little pard

As summer finally presses down on America like a hot iron on a wrinkled suit, the public takes to the road for its entertainment—to the drive-in movie and the county fair. Now Hollywood has yoked these forms of warm-weather time-wasting in a pair of amiably naive movies about the men roustabouts and wranglers who provide simple pleasures and thrills for the folks of rural America—and the women who lead them astray.

A phrase like that would ordinarily be accompanied by a raised eyebrow and a sardonic grin. But neither *Bronco Billy*, the new Clint Eastwood movie, nor *Carny*, which introduces Robbie Robertson of the Band to the Hollywood fiction film, has so much as a single irony up its work-shirt sleeve. They both tell the story of a good ole boy leading his small-top troupe from one tank town to another, juggling dreams of success and threats of eviction, extortion and worse. Add a couple of good buddies, a venal politician or two—and, most important, a little love interest to salt the stew—and the result is a movie that looks to be right out of Hollywood's golden age, but which seems curiously old-fashioned today. Catch either of these movies at a drive-in, and on a clear night you can see the '30s, sparkling almost like new.

The only surprise *Carny* offers the viewer is its relentless ordinariness. A movie that promises, in its first reels, to update *Nightmare Alley*, the old Tyrone Power sideshow shocker, soon relaxes into a standard triangle tale of love, jealousy and reconciliation. No freaks, no geeks—just two pals and a nymphet with a heart of gold. All that is left is the oldtime star power of the lead performers: Robertson, with his motel-room eyes and a voice like pure nicotine; Gary Busey, strong and lovable behind his goony, gummy smile; and Jodie Foster, poised for a swan dive into young womanhood. Look at Foster's face now—a fascinating mask of planes, points and dumpling cheeks—and you see her potential for turning into Meryl Streep or Angela Lansbury.

Bronco Billy has only one star, but surely one is enough when he is among the biggest box-office attractions in the world. Here, though, Eastwood plays handsomely against type, replacing his Dirty Harry figure with a good-as-gold rodeo star who refers to his fans as "little pards," prays for them not to "get tangled up with hard liquor and cigarettes" and hopes his wild West show will make enough money to pay for a ranch "where city kids can come out and see what the West was really like." He lavishes his kindness on everyone from runaway heiresses to Viet Nam deserters, from one-handed cowboys to pregnant Indians. He is stirred to righteous anger only when a bad guy mauls his best gal or breaks a little boy's piggy bank. He is too good to be true—except in a sweet-souled dime-novel movie like this here.

A character like Billy McCoy, who makes Rocky Balboa sound as cynical as Céline, has not graced movies since John Wayne's "Singin' Sandy" westerns of the mid-'30s. His nemesis turned girlfriend recalls the snooty madcaps of the old screwball comedies. Sondra Locke is no Carole Lombard; indeed, *Bronco Billy* would have benefited from the presence of a more elegant, less abrasive actress like Jill Clayburgh or Blythe Danner. But Locke strong-arms her way into your affections at about the time Billy wins her over, and by the end of *Bronco Billy* she has become a part of the family feeling that embraces the cast, the film and the audience.

It was George Orwell who wrote: "At 50, everyone has the face he deserves." Orwell was dead at 46; but Eastwood, who turned 50 on May 31, keeps trucking manfully through middle age with the face his movies deserve—sun-burnished, granite-hard, seamed and serene like an outdoor sculpture. His achievement in *Bronco Billy*, as star and director, is to chisel some emotion and innocence, and a passel of likability, into those features. It is as if one of the faces on Mount Rushmore suddenly cracked a crooked smile. Watching *Bronco Billy*, millions of moviegoers are likely to smile back.

— *Richard Corliss*

Gary Busey, Jodie Foster and Robbie Robertson: two pals and a nymphet

On a clear night you can see the '30s, sparkling almost like new.

Hard Traveling

THE LONG RIDERS
Directed by Walter Hill
Screenplay by Bill Bryden, Steven Phillip Smith, Stacy Keach and James Keach

At his best, Walter Hill strips familiar movie forms of their cultural and nostalgic crustations, polishing them down to their existential bone and gristle. Like Hemingway's, his laconic style can become mannered to the point of self-parody, as it was in *The Driver*. But when he is good, as he was in the prizefighting film *Hard Times*, or last year's gang-war epic *The Warriors*, there is a hard purposefulness about his work that avoids macho sentimentality and easy moralizing. He is at the top of his form in *The Long Riders*.

It is Hill's first explicit western, and yet another version of the legends of the James and Younger brothers and their gang of bank and train robbers. It features fraternal casting: James and Stacy Keach as the Jameses; David, Keith and Robert Carradine as the Youngers; Randy and Dennis Quaid as Clell and Ed Miller; Christopher and Nicholas Guest as the Fords, who, of course, done pore Jesse in. All of them turn in finely controlled performances. David Carradine gets the luck of the lines. Almost everything he says has a nice dry wit about it.

David Carradine

But acting is subservient to Hill's vision. The story is simple on its surface, hardly more than a string of incidents, most of them violent but only occasionally (and then effectively) bloody. Nor does Hill try to cop a plea for his outlaws by introducing that familiar James-boys yarn in which the returning Civil War veterans become populist folk heroes by trying to expropriate from the expropriators. One gets the feeling that they would have found their way to crime anyway, as a suitable line for brave, hard men. The Pinkertons (led by James Whitmore Jr. in another good performance), who pursue them throughout the picture, are seen in much the same neutral light. Like the bandits, they make a number of deadly mistakes as they go along, and sincerely but briefly regret them.

None of this is ever directly stated. Hill wants the viewer to read his frames, not his dialogue; lighting, angles and cutting carry the weight of meaning. Perhaps he sends too many people to meet their maker in balletic slow-motion. But that is only a small reservation. Hill is very much in the American grain, the inheritor of the Ford-Hawks-Walsh tradition of artful, understated action film making. — ***Richard Schickel***

A woman of New Guinea's Fore tribe, which was threatened by a giggling virus

Television

The Most Exciting Game

The Search for Solutions, *PBS, starts June 10, 9 p.m. E.D.T.*

"Science moves, but slowly slowly," complained Tennyson, "creeping on from point to point." Just so, and generations of students have been unwilling to walk the tedious trail that might eventually lead to a career in the laboratory. The loss is society's, and the answer to the horrors of a Three Mile Island or a Love Canal is not clamping down on science, but training more and better scientists. This remarkable PBS series is a welcome attempt to answer that need. Science, it says, is not only the world's biggest game; it is also the most exciting.

As the title suggests, the fascination is in the hunt, in the search for solutions. Problem: a small tribe in New Guinea, the Fore, was threatened with extinction. For unknown reasons, most of its women were being attacked by a nerve disease that began in giggles and ended in death. Dr. D. Carleton Gajdusek, an American epidemiologist, arrived in 1957 and investigated. He gave the victims every medicine on the shelves. He checked the water in the streams, the soil, even the ashes in the cooking fires. Finally, after months of inquiry, he discovered that when someone died, the Fore buried the corpse, then, as a way of preserving his spirit, his relations dug him up and ate selected portions. Nothing might happen for years, but eventually the women, who were the main participants in this unsavory ritual, started the fatal giggles.

With that information, Gajdusek, who won a Nobel Prize for his efforts, uncovered a new kind of pathogen, a slow virus that may be akin to those that cause other degenerative diseases, like multiple sclerosis and Parkinson's disease. The solution for the Fore was a government mandate that keeps the dead out of the stew pots; by the end of the century the Laughing Death should be eradicated. Gajdusek's discovery may have brought a step closer a solution for victims of other slow viruses as well.

The three-part series looks into every field. One of the photographic teams visits another scientist, Dr. Ralph Nelson of the University of Illinois at Champaign Urbana, who is trying to learn the secrets of hibernation in bears. Unlike humans, who simply waste away when they go without food for long periods, hibernating bears exist for months on only excess fat. If humans could do the same, they might go for months without eating, and famine might be eliminated. An astronaut 40 lbs. overweight, says Nelson, could survive three months in ursine hibernation.

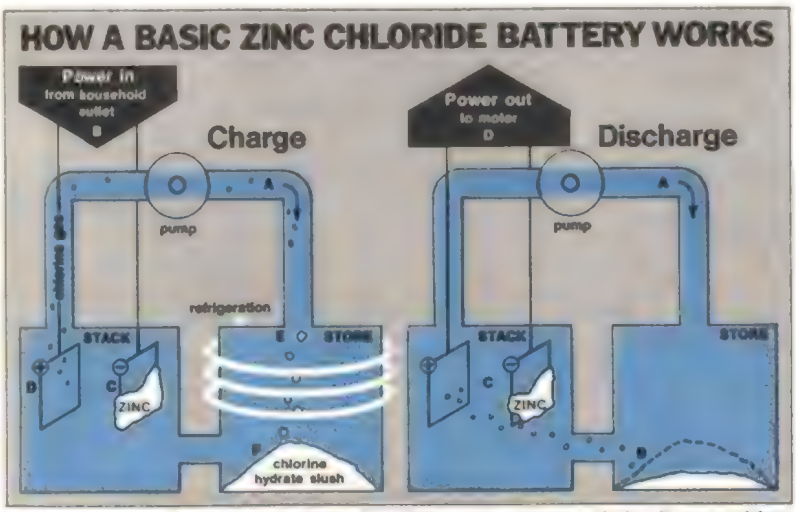
The stories and the images flash by in tantalizing bits: a forest of radio telescopes in New Mexico that look like giant desert toadstools; shrimplike creatures that are found under the ice of Antarctica; a microscopic closeup of a sugar cube dissolving, creating a miniature tidal wave in a glass of water. The cameras record the compelling beauty of the scientist's search, as well as its frequent frustration and occasional loneliness.

Produced by Manhattan-based Playback Associates for Phillips Petroleum, this imaginative series has already been distributed to some 10 000 schools and colleges around the country. For those of school age, it should be the best recruiting film ever made. In an effort to show that research is not a club for white males only, there are many examples of women and members of minority groups at work. For adults, watching it on PBS, the shows may be an inducement to open those dusty old texts and resume reading where they left off. — ***Gerald Clarke***

Volts Wagon Does It, Again

Electric cars look sharp, run cheap, but will they sell?

When Walter Reuther, the late president of the United Auto Workers, spoke of the automobile as the "Fifth Freedom," he was not referring to the electric car. Dowdy, slow, limited in range and sometimes adorned—in its first incarnation around the turn of the century—with crystal vases and plush cushions. Grandma's old electric had all the sex appeal of a limp handshake. Henry Ford's flivvers and gushers of cheap Texas oil eventually drove electric vehicles off the American road and onto the American golf course, where most of them are now.



The solution of zinc chloride that fills the battery is pumped through the system (A). When an electric charge is applied from outside (B), zinc is deposited on the negative graphite plates in the "stack" (C), while chlorine gas bubbles up from the positive plates (D). The chlorine ends up in the "store" (E), where it is chilled to 48° F, forming a chlorine hydrate slush (F).

When zinc-chloride solution is pumped into the store (A), it melts some of the chlorine hydrate slush and releases chlorine gas (B). The chlorine is pumped back to the stack, where it reacts electrochemically with the zinc, forming zinc chloride again, simultaneously creating electric power (C). This power both drives the car (D) and provides the energy for the battery's pump.

But wait. What was that bright yellow contraption whining softly on New York City's streets last week? It was a Volkswagen Rabbit powered not by a gasoline-drinking internal-combustion engine, but by a zinc-chloride "Electric Engine" developed by Gulf & Western Industries. The G & W power system, unveiled with much fanfare, is the latest step toward the return of the volts wagon. With gasoline heading toward $1.50 per gal., with the nation bent on reducing imports of OPEC oil, and with cleaner air high on Washington's list of priorities, the electric vehicle, or EV for short, is the focus of increasing scientific and marketing attention. The EV's reincarnation could profoundly affect how Americans get around in the next century. David N. ("Jim") Judelson, G & W's president, is positively electrified by the potential. Says he: "We have an alternative here that's viable. We don't have to keep burning our resources into the air, and we don't have to keep paying the Arabs $31 a barrel."

Well, maybe. Though there are an estimated 3,200 EVs of one kind or another in use today in the U.S., a number of problems remain. Not the least is that the electric car's image is still an ancient sepia-tint photograph, a little mildewed and smelling of old lace. To hot young engineers in Detroit—where the action nowadays is in computerized fuel injection, stratified charge engines and other technologies for saving gasoline—electrics are a scientific diversion. Wall Street's auto-industry analysts reflect that mood. Says Maryann Keller, a vice president of Paine Webber: "We think of them as these wonderful little *things*."

A lot of time and money is being spent on these things. Electrics are no longer dowdy, at least in appearance. Experimental models are sculptured, sleek and glistening with brushed aluminum and chrome. More than two dozen of them were on display last month in St. Louis at the Third International Electric Vehicle Exposition and Conference. One of the new cars—made under U.S. Department of Energy auspices by General Electric, Chrysler and Globe-Union, a major battery manufacturer—was low slung and wedgelike, with the sexy space-age acronymic designation ETV-1 (for electric test vehicle). The car has lightweight alloy wheels and plastic windows, and runs on modified lead-acid batteries. It is, however, slow as molasses: 0 to 30 m.p.h. in 8.8 sec., 25 to 55 in an interminable 17.6 sec. It can go only 123 miles at 35 m.p.h. before it must be recharged. The ETV-1's development cost: $6 million.

Altogether, 46 companies, state and local governments, federal agencies and universities have entered into cost-sharing arrangements with the Department of Energy for the demonstration of electric vehicles. DOE, which will dole out $40 million for its EV program this year, is aiming for 10,000 demonstrators by 1986. So far only 500 have been put on the road under the plan.

The number of electric cars could increase dramatically if Detroit's carmakers ever decide to start building them. Closest is General Motors, which has produced a prototype, the Electro Vette (a Chevette with lead-acid batteries). Last winter GM set up an electric car "project center," where it is working on an advanced zinc-nickel oxide battery with a range of 100 miles. GM EVs could be rolling off assembly lines as soon as the fall of 1983. Ford Motor Co. is working on a sodium-sulfur battery scheduled for lab tests in 1982.

The biggest stimulus for Detroit, oddly enough, may come from a little-known rider attached to the Chrysler financial bailout bill passed by Congress last December. The measure, sponsored by Idaho Republican Senator James A. McClure, allows carmakers to include electrics in meeting their federally mandated 1985 corporate average fuel-efficiency rating of 27.5 m.p.g. Since the electrics use no gasoline, Detroit, to the extent its output includes EVs, will be able to turn out larger, less efficient—and thus more profitable—gasoline-powered cars. That was a clever political end run, yet no one is complaining. Says Paul Brown, who heads the EV program at DOE: "It was just good, practical politics."

Meanwhile, like electrons to a cathode, a raft of smaller companies and entrepreneurs are being attracted to the EV market. Sir Jon Samuel, a transplanted Briton, has set up Electric Auto Corp. in Troy, Mich., to produce the Silver Volt, scheduled for production next year at a cost to buyers of $16,000 each. The car runs on fast-charge, lead-acid batteries, but has a small rotary gasoline engine to boost power for passing and to rescue drivers from battery failure. Jet Industries of Austin, Texas, takes Ford, Chrysler and Fuji cars and trucks from the factory, installs lead-acid batteries and resells the

The Volkswagen Rabbit powered by G & W's Electric Engine

vehicles to fleet owners for $10,000 to $14,000 each.

Will people buy electric cars? They should, according to U.S. Department of Transportation statistics. Ninety percent of all car trips in America are for 20 miles or less, and 99% are for 100 miles or less. Thus, at least in theory, the electric car's short range should not be a drawback. But Americans do not see their cars in such practical, unromantic terms. They tend to buy autos for peak use, for that annual trip to visit a distant relative. They want fast acceleration and a lot of miles between stops. To change all that, as Analyst Keller says with considerable understatement, "will require some adjustment in terms of how people think of their vehicle."

Technically, the biggest obstacle to an EV that can meet those demands is developing a cheap, lightweight, powerful, long-lasting battery. Nearly all EVs now on the road use some variation of the familiar lead-acid battery, which produces power by the reaction of lead with watered-down sulfuric acid. But even the best lead-acid batteries deteriorate in time and must be replaced at a jolting cost, up to $3,000 for the size and output required for an electric car. Other combinations of metals, electrolytes and oxidizing agents are being tried in batteries, and though they are generally more efficient and last longer, they often have unpleasant operating quirks. Sodium-sulfur and lithium-iron sulfide batteries, for instance, must function at dangerously high temperatures—up to 450° C (840° F).

Gulf & Western believes it has solved, or is on the verge of solving, most of the problems of the electric car. The company demonstrated three EVs near its Manhattan headquarters last week: the VW Rabbit and two Japanese-made vans, all powered by zinc-chloride Electric Engines. Range: an impressive 150 miles at 55 m.p.h., carrying a family of four. In its publicity, G & W assiduously avoids use of the word battery, partly to get away from the image of Grandma's old electric and also because its Electric Engine is unlike any battery ever made.

In simplest terms, the system makes electricity when chlorine gas reacts with zinc to produce zinc chloride *(see diagram)*. The principle was discovered by Sir Humphry Davy in 1811, but no way was known to harness the powerful reaction before a G & W subsidiary in Detroit, Energy Development Associates, started working on it in 1972. Aided by several grants, including one for $11 million from DOE, G & W devised a system of pumps, valves, a refrigerator and a minicomputer that can produce a steady flow of power. G & W has spent $16 million of its own money on the zinc-chloride system thus far, including a pilot production plant

Electric van produced by Jet Industries in Austin

GM's Electro Vette, essentially a Chevette driven by batteries

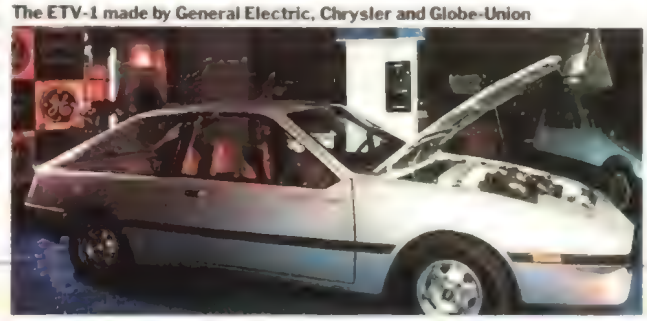
The secret of the system is that its "stack" of 4,002 graphite plates is "passive"—that is, it does not shed particles in the electricity-making process. Thus it does not deteriorate, as do the metal plates in a conventional battery. The graphite plates also appear to be almost infinitely rechargeable: G & W says that a system like the ones in vehicles it demonstrated has been recharged 1,400 times in four years of daily testing. The charging is done at a 220-volt A.C. outlet and typically takes six to eight hours.

The zinc-chloride system was first considered by G & W as a giant-size load leveler for electric utilities, a way of storing unused electricity during hours of light demand, then tapping it during heavy load periods. But G & W engineers realized that the system could be shaped to fit into a car's chassis. Instead of gradually weakening, as most other batteries do, the G & W device maintains full power for 95% of a charge. It is, asserts G & W's Judelson, totally safe, despite chlorine's image of hazardous railroad tank-car wrecks and World War I trench warfare. If the Electric Engine is cracked in a collision, insists the company, a harmless amount of chlorine will escape into the air, producing only the distinctive odor of a swimming pool.

G & W has high hopes for the zinc-chloride system. "Its importance may well be equal to the development of the internal-combustion engine as it replaced the horse and buggy," says Judelson. In about nine months, G & W plans to have two prototype cars built, each with a range of 200 miles between charges. Fiddling with the chemistry could increase the range even more, he adds, with no increase in the system's weight of 544 kg (1,200 lbs.). G & W calculates operating costs at 2.3¢ a mile for its Electric Engine, *vs.* 6.5¢ for a gasoline-powered equivalent. The firm says its system will cost less in the long run to operate, even though it would jack up the price of a car by $3,000.

Though it will require a major—some would say monumental—change in Americans' attitudes about their automobiles, Judelson foresees a vast potential market for EVs, especially as second, essentially commuting, cars. By the turn of the century, Judelson projects electric-car production of 6.6 million vehicles a year, about 40% of the total. If so, then EVs would regain the prominence they had at the turn of the century, when nearly 40% of all cars were electric. Detroit's experienced carmakers, on the other hand, obviously do not think the market is that big, but Detroit has been wrong before. If the EV renaissance that G & W is talking about comes to pass, it could save 225 million bbl. of oil a year, even allowing for some oil-generated electricity to charge the cars' batteries. In current dollars, that could slash the U.S. trade deficit by 30%. ■

The ETV-1 made by General Electric, Chrysler and Globe-Union



Classwork: Lillian Becker in New York City (left); Thomas Anderson in Clearwater, Fla.; Carolyn Kelly in Cambridge, Mass.

Education

COVER STORY

Help! Teacher Can't Teach!

The multifaceted crisis of America's public schools

On Free to Choose, *his popular public television series, Economist Milton Friedman stands before Boston's Hyde Park High School as uniformed guards search entering students for weapons. In a voice-over Friedman says: "Parents know their kids are getting a bad education but . . . many of them can see no alternative."*

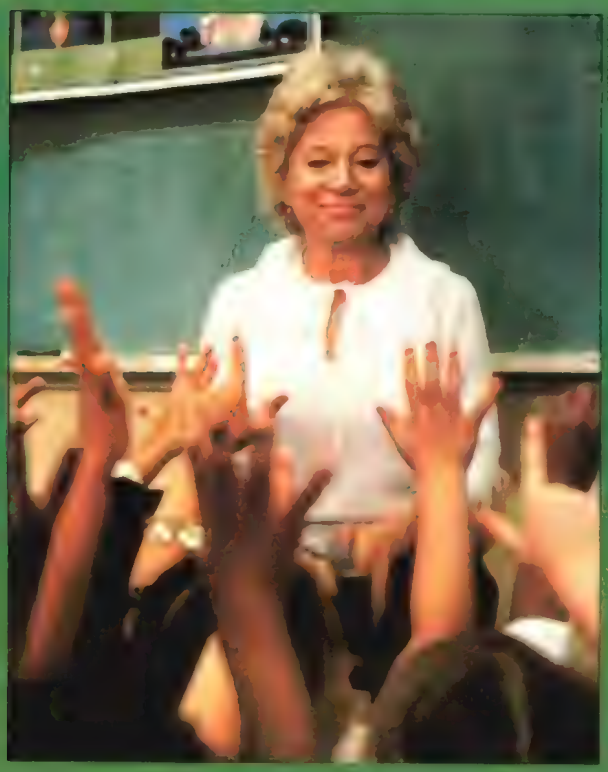
Speaking of educational reform, Richard H. Hersh, associate dean for teacher education at the University of Oregon, tells a meeting: "We've been rearranging deck chairs on the Titanic."

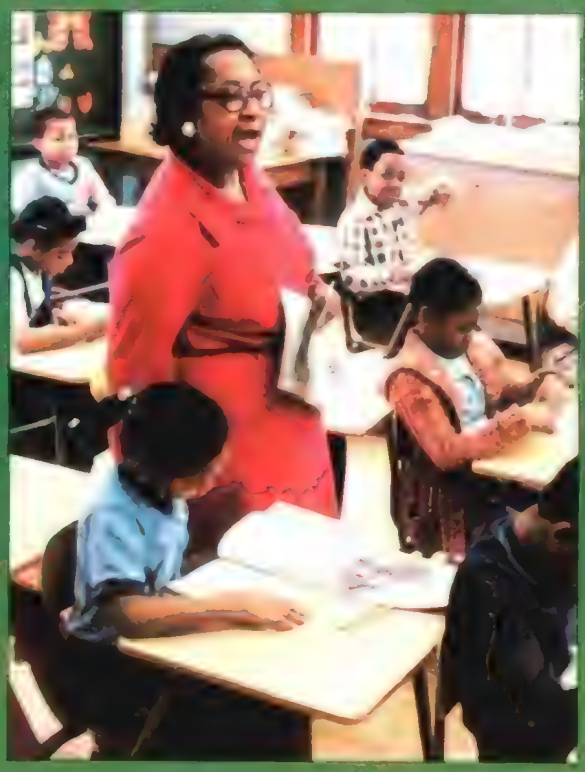
Says Professor J. Myron Atkin, dean of Stanford University's School of Education: "For the first time, it is conceivable to envision the dismantling of universal, public, compulsory education as it has been pioneered in America."

Like some vast jury gradually and reluctantly arriving at a verdict, politicians, educators and especially millions of parents have come to believe that the U.S. public schools are in parlous trouble. Violence keeps making headlines. Test scores keep dropping. Debate rages over whether or not one-fifth or more adult Americans are functionally illiterate. High school graduates go so far as to sue their school systems because they got respectable grades and a diploma but cannot fill in job application forms correctly. Experts confirm that students today get at least 25% more As and Bs than they did 15 years ago, but know less. A Government-funded nationwide survey group, the National Assessment of Educational Progress, reports that in science, writing, social studies and mathematics the achievement of U.S. 17-year-olds has dropped regularly over the past decade.

Rounding up the usual suspects in the learning crisis is easy enough. The decline of the family that once instilled respect for authority and learning. The influence of television on student attention span. The disruption of schools created by busing, and the national policy of keeping more students in school longer, regardless of attitude or aptitude. The conflicting demands upon the public school system, which is now expected not only to teach but to make up for past and present racial and economic injustice

But increasingly too, parents have begun to blame the shortcomings of the schools on the lone and very visible figure at the front of the classroom. Teachers for decades have been admired for selfless devotion. More recently, as things





Edith Shain with first-graders in Los Angeles' Hancock Park School (left); Helen Scott and her third-grade in Detroit's Angell School

went wrong, they were pitied as overworked martyrs to an overburdened school system. Now bewildered and beleaguered, teachers are being blamed —rightly or wrongly—for much of the trouble in the classroom.

One reason is simply that it is easier for society to find someone to blame than to hold up a mirror and see that U.S. culture itself is largely responsible. But the new complaints about teachering also arise from a dismaying discovery: quite a few teachers (estimates range up to 20%) simply have not mastered the basic skills in reading, writing and arithmetic that they are supposed to teach.

Of course, among the 2.2 million teachers in the nation's public schools are hundreds of thousands of skilled and dedicated people who, despite immense problems, manage to produce the miraculous blend of care and discipline, energy, learning and imagination that good teaching requires. Many newcomers to the field are still attracted by the dream of helping children rather than for reasons of security or salary. The estimated average salary of elementary school teachers is $15,661, and of high school teachers $16,387, for nine months' work. The average yearly pay of a plumber is about $19,700, for a government clerk it's approximately $15,500. The best-educated and most selfless teachers are highly critical and deeply concerned about the decline in teaching standards and educational procedures. Their frustration is perhaps the strongest warning signal of all.

Horror stories about teaching abound. In Oregon a kindergarten teacher who had been given As and Bs at Portland State University was recently found to be functionally illiterate. How could this be? Says Acting Dean of the School of Education Harold Jorgensen: "It was a whole series of people not looking closely at her."

In Chicago a third-grade teacher wrote on the blackboard: "Put the following words in alfabetical order." During the weeklong teacher strike last winter, many Chicago parents were appalled by what they saw on television news of schools and teachers. Recalls one mother: "I froze when I heard a teacher tell a TV reporter, 'I teaches English.' "

In the Milwaukee suburb of Wales, Wis., school board members were outraged when teachers sent them written curriculum proposals riddled with bad grammar and spelling. Teachers had written *dabate* for *debate*, *documant* for *document*. *Would* was *woud*, and *separate* was *seperate*. Angry parents waved samples of their children's work that contained uncorrected whoppers, marked with such teacher comments as "outstanding" and "excellent."

A Gallup poll has found that teacher laziness and lack of interest are the most frequent accusations of half the nation's parents, who complain that students get "less schoolwork" now than 20 years ago. Whether the parent perceptions are fair or not, there is no doubt that circumstances have certainly changed some teacher attitudes. At a Miami senior high school this spring, one social studies teacher asked his pupils whether their homework was completed. Half the students said no. The teacher recorded their answers in his gradebook but never bothered to collect the papers. Says the teacher, who has been in the profession for 15 years and has now become dispirited: "I'm not willing any more to take home 150 notebooks and grade them. I work from 7:30 a.m. to 2 p.m., and that's what I get paid for." A longtime teacher in a large suburban school outside Boston told TIME it is common knowledge that some of her colleagues, anxious to preserve their jobs as enrollments dwindle, fail children simply to ensure hefty class size the next year.

The new doubts about teachers have led to a state-by-state demand from legislators and citizen groups that teachers take special examinations to prove they are competent, much like the student competency exams that have become a requirement in 38 states. Asks Indiana State Senator Joan Gubbins: "Shouldn't we first see if the teachers are competent before we expect the kids to be competent?"

Some Burnt-Out Cases . . .

"Judy," 40, says: "What got to me was that I found I was not getting results." A Bryn Mawr graduate who always wanted to be a teacher in a big city, she successfully taught English for eleven years in a Manhattan high school. Her enthusiasm began to falter three years ago when each of her five high school classes crept above the union maximum of 34 students. Says she: "No English teacher should have five classes. If you're trying to teach kids how to read and write, you simply can't do it—that's 200 students a day." In effect, Judy gave up teaching because she wanted to teach. Says she: "Many of my colleagues were not making an effort. The administration failed to recognize excellence, failed to recognize mediocrity, and failed to recognize negligence—except if you punched your timecard a few minutes late."

"Diana," 38, has taught high school history for ten years in a mostly black Washington, D.C., school. Says she: "I'm not really burned out, but there are a lot of problems and not much hope."

Homework? "Mostly there's no homework because they can't read. Ten years ago it was different. But these kids today are the product of the time when people thought forcing blacks to learn English was unfair. Just let them speak black English and 'kinda let them do their thing' was the way it went. So they can't read. Parents are awfully upset. But when I call them to suggest they enroll their kids in remedial work, a lot of them are not interested. They just don't want to face the problem."

"Tracking," the grouping of students by ability, is no longer possible because it is discriminatory. "Too many whites are always in the upper track," Diana explains. But she finds that even in a virtually all-black school, just maintaining order among the nonlearners keeps her from working with the 5% of the class, again mostly black, who can read well and want to learn: "They just sit around and die of boredom while I try to keep the other kids from fighting."

"Harold," 50, is the son of a South Carolina millworker. With an M.A. in literature from Duke University, he headed north and took a job as a bank teller while working toward his New York teaching certificate. In 1963 he became an English teacher in a big New York City high school. Six years later, seeking a change, he spent a year at a suburban school, but was bored. "That's when I learned how much I identified with the deprived kids in Manhattan." Back in the city, Harold helped launch a special reading program. "We were

. . . And Some Who Carry On

Helen Lambert Scott is a legend at Detroit's inner city Angell Elementary School. "It is quite evident which children come up from Mrs. Scott's third grade," says Angell Fourth Grade Teacher Dorothy Lindsey. "They are well behaved. They jump right in and attack their work. They listen. They participate."

Scott's classroom may be decorated with pictures of spaceships, but she is an old-fashioned, demanding teacher. Her classroom method is a blend of love, dignity, discipline and self-confidence rooted in unshakable dedication to children. Says she: "I don't care what a child looks like, or what he smells like. He has a personal worth that God gave him, and that should be counted."

Scott has been teaching for 40 years, and much of the current talk about teacher burnout irritates her. She knows firsthand all the problems and questions that beset teachers. "There's a breakdown in family life. Everyone does his own thing," she admits. "The number of children actually doing the work and keeping up are in the minority." Excessive paperwork? "The only way I deal with it is to try to do it," she says, though she now often has to grade papers dur-

ing lunch hour as well as at home. Kids who won't do homework? "I assign work to the child with a note of finality, and I keep after him until he realizes that I will pester until the work is done. He might as well do it in the first place." Demands that take teachers' time from teaching? "Sometimes you have to fight to teach the basic skills, but I'm going to have reading every day with every child so I know what he knows." Scott is in favor of teacher competency exams.

These days Scott's most rewarding moments occur "when children come back after high school and tell me, 'You were hard on us, but I found out what you were teaching was for our own good.' " One such is Linda Harris, now a high school teacher in Georgia, who was one of Scott's students in 1958: "She had a great deal to do with my wanting to become a teacher. She really wanted the kids to make something of themselves." Concedes Scott: "It's a labor of love to keep going. With that love, there's a mixture of frustration and agony." But, she adds, "there are minds to be trained. You must press forward."

Lillian Becker wanted to teach so much that she went back to college for her degree at age 42 and graduated from the City College of New York as a Phi Beta Kappa. Today, at Intermediate School 70 in Manhattan's Chelsea dis-

all weary of failure in trying to teach academic subjects to high school kids who read on a fifth-grade level," he says. "We saw reading as the key by which these kids could gain success." For six years, Harold's group faced constant opposition from the school's principal, who was embarrassed at all the attention to a remedial program for tenth-graders supposed to be taking high school courses. In 1974, during the city's big economic crisis, the program's teachers were let go or transferred.

"My plan now is to take early retirement in 1982 after completing 20 years in the classroom," says Harold. "I don't think many people believe any more in the validity of a democratic public education. That is, one where kids from various groups rub elbows and actually learn from each other. The question then is, what do we really want in education?" Harold still is an excellent teacher, and he likes the spirit of the children in his school. But, he says, "when I look out at a class of 35 sophomores and I know that the reading levels in it are everywhere from fourth to tenth grade, I know that society has presented me with an impossible teaching assignment."

"Dorothy," 36, a Chicago elementary school teacher, told school officials she had the flu for five days last month. In fact, she spent the time hiding at home reading *The Tale of Genji*, an 11th century Japanese novel of love and manners. Says she: "Some days I can't bear to go to school. My legs won't take me to the classroom." After 13 years of teaching, Dorothy is a classic case of teacher burnout, and she hopes to find a job in public relations. But she remembers proud moments from years ago: her rousing student production of *Tom Sawyer*, the months she worked with a nine-year-old Hispanic student until he finally learned long division. These days, though, she lets her student teacher run the class: "I told him I don't care what he does with the kids just as long as he returns them to me quiet."

Why has she given up? Paperwork, the yanking of her favorite subjects (science and geography) from the curriculum, she answers. But as she talks, what emerges is a general hopelessness and resentment of a faceless bureaucratic system. On pressure to bring up test scores, for example, she says: "It doesn't matter that the kid is a Pakistani, and his home life is bad and he can't read English." Feeling she can neither help her students nor please the administration depresses her and makes her defensive and cynical—about the school and herself. Says she: "The good teachers have all quit to save their sanity. I hate to tell people I'm a teacher."

trict, Becker scrubs the desks in her classroom herself and sweeps the floor three times each day. Says she: "Kids sense the order, and they like it. They behave differently in a clean classroom."

She has other practical suggestions. "You have to keep calling parents. You have to keep trying to get homework done." She also believes in sentence diagraming and drill. "They can disregard it later on, but it only becomes part of you later on if you drill now." To discourage predictable student alibis like "I forgot my book" or "I lost my pencil," Becker spends her own money to keep an extra supply of paper and pencils on hand. She always has extra textbooks on her desk.

Recently she asked the class to draw such simple symbols as a flag or a dove of peace. Soon the lesson had blossomed into a study of the parts of speech. "I also had them drawing pictures of figures of speech, like 'you drive me up the wall.' They loved it. After that they seemed ready for similes and metaphors." Becker grades themes and tests at home at least three days each week, two to five hours at a stint.

She earns about $18,000 a year, but the payoff, of course, is that she knows her teaching works. Says she: "Most teachers don't teach for money. They teach for that recognition they see and feel when a student learns something. I think most teachers do a terrific job."

Carolyn Kelly, 33, whispers to a visitor: "I love this." Kelly has just led a spirited senior class debate on the best interpretation of H.G. Wells' *The Man Who Could Work Miracles*. "I feel rejuvenated when a kid expresses something in a manner that for him is totally new, totally his own."

The seniors are Kelly's star pupils. She also teaches a basic English class and acts as coordinator of teacher advisers at the Rindge and Latin School in Cambridge, Mass. If need be she can reason with students from slum backgrounds in their own street-wise slang, and she spends a good deal of time trying to make students understand that public school is still a gateway to opportunity. Says she: "My goal is not just academic; it's teaching kids what it is to be a human being."

Like most teachers she decries the loss of public support for the profession. "It is vital that we all understand how things have changed: the role of the teacher, the school, the church, the family. It does no good to isolate schools as the culprit when there are social changes that affect other institutions as well. Until we all realize that education is a reciprocal thing, we won't have understood much at all."

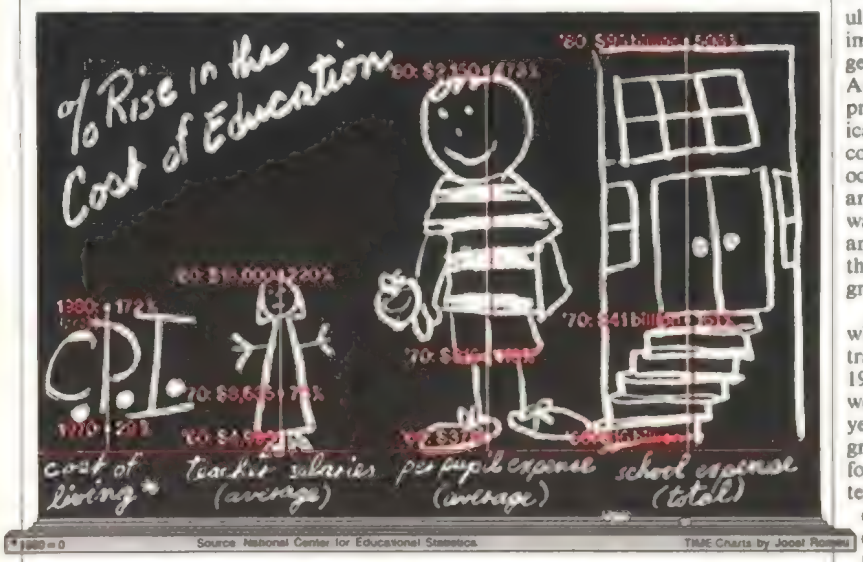
With 41 million pupils, public school education is one of the nation's largest single government activities. Current expenditures (federal, state and local) run to $95 billion. So vast and costly an educational system does not cheerfully react to criticism or adapt to change.

The push toward testing teacher competency, however, depends less on Washington than on state and local governments. One of the most instructive battles fought over the issue occurred in Mobile, Ala., and was led by conservative attorney Dan Alexander, president of the board of education. In 1978, after the board required competency testing of Mobile high school seniors, Alexander was besieged by angry parents, at least partly because 53% of the students who took the city's first competency exam flunked it. Recalls Alexander: "Parents came out of the woodwork saying, 'If you're going to crack down on my child, let me tell you about some of my children's teachers.' " One parent brought him a note sent home by a fifth-grade teacher with a master's degree, which read in part: "Scott is dropping in his studies he acts as if he don't Care. Scott want pass in his assignment at all, he a had a poem to learn and he fell to do it." Says Alexander: "I was shocked. I could not believe we had teachers who could not write a grammatically correct sentence. I took the complaints down to the superintendent, and what shocked me worse was that he wasn't shocked."

Alexander made the note public as the kickoff of a campaign for teacher testing. Says he: "Competency testing is probably a misnomer. You cannot test a teacher on whether he's competent, but you certainly can prove he's incompetent." The proposed exams for veteran teachers were blocked by Alexander's colleagues on the board. But they agreed that all new teachers should score at least 500 on the Educational Testing Service's 3¼-hr. National Teacher Examination (N.T.E.) which measures general knowledge, reading, writing and arithmetic. Only about half of the Mobile job applicants who took the N.T.E. in 1979 passed.

The American Federation of Teachers, which has 550,000 members, is opposed to testing experienced teachers, though it approves competency exams for new candidates. The much larger National Education Association is against any kind of competency testing for teachers, claiming teacher competency cannot be measured by written tests. Even so, some form of teacher testing has been approved in twelve states.* Proposals for teacher testing have been introduced in Colorado, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Missouri, New York, Vermont and Wisconsin, and a bill in Oklahoma is scheduled to be signed into law this week. Polls say the teacher-testing movement is

*Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, West Virginia

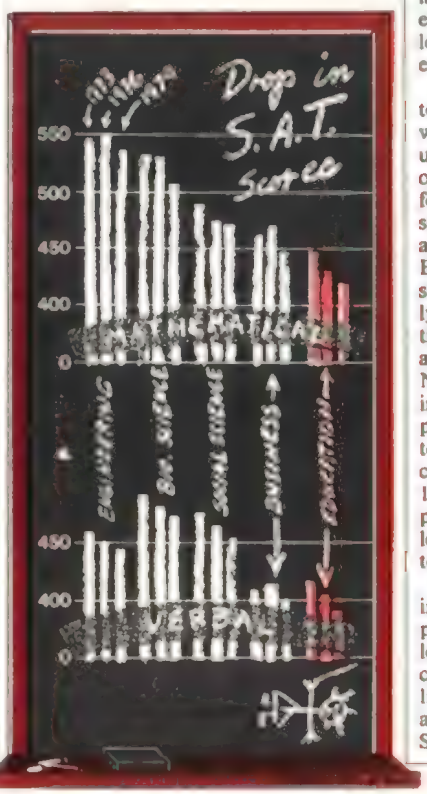


supported by 85% of U.S. adults.

Thus far actual test scores of teacher applicants seem depressing. In Louisiana, for instance, only 53% passed in 1978, 63% last year. What about the ones who fail? Says Louisiana Certification Director Jacqueline Lewis: "Obviously they're moving out of state to teach in states where the tests are not required." The results of basic achievement tests taken by job applicants at Florida's Pinellas County school board (St. Petersburg, Clearwater) are not encouraging. Since 1976, the board has required teacher candidates to read at an advanced tenth-grade level and solve math problems at an eighth-grade level. Though all had their B.A. in hand, about one-third of the applicants (25% of the whites, 79% of the blacks) flunked Pinellas' test the first time they took it in 1979.

In 1900, when only 6% of U.S. children graduated from high school, secondary school teachers were looked up to as scholars of considerable learning. Public school teachers were essential to what was regarded as the proud advance of U.S. education. By 1930, 30% of American 17-year-olds were graduating from high school, and by the mid-1960s, graduates totaled 70%. The American public school was hailed for teaching citizenship and common sense to rich and poor, immigrant and native-born children, and for giving them a common democratic experience. "The public school was the true melting pot," William O. Douglas once wrote, "and the public school teacher was the leading architect of the new America that was being fashioned."

The academic effectiveness of the system was challenged in 1957, when the Soviet Union launched its Sputnik satellite. Almost overnight, it was perceived that American training was not competitive with that of the U.S.S.R. Public criticism and government funds began to converge on U.S. schools. By 1964, achievement scores in math and reading had risen to an alltime high. But in the '60s the number of students (and teachers too) was expanding tremendously as a result of the maturing crop of post–World War II babies. In the decade before 1969, the number of high school teachers almost doubled, from 575,000 to nearly 1 million. Writes Reading Expert Paul Copperman in *The Literacy Hoax:* "The stage was set for an academic tragedy of historic proportions as the nation's high school faculty, about half of whom were young and immature, prepared to meet the largest generation of high school students in American history." To compound the problem, many teachers had been radicalized by the 1960s. They suspected that competition was immoral, grades undemocratic, and promotion based on merit and measurable accomplishment a likely way to discriminate against minorities and the poor. Ever since the mid-1960s, the average achievement of high school graduates has gone steadily downhill.



Ironically, the slide occurred at a time when teachers were getting far more training than ever before. In the early 1900s, few elementary school teachers went to college; most were trained at two-year normal schools. Now a bachelor's degree from college is a general requirement for teaching. Today's teaching incompetence reflects the lax standards in many of the education programs at the 1,150 colleges around the country that train teachers. It also reflects on colleges generally, since teachers take more than half their courses in traditional departments like English, history and mathematics.

Research by W. Timothy Weaver, an associate professor of education at Boston University, seems to confirm a long-standing charge that one of the easiest U.S. college majors is education. Weaver found the high school seniors who planned to major in education well below the average for all college-bound seniors—34 points below average in verbal scores on the 1976 Scholastic Aptitude Test, 43 points below average in math. Teaching majors score lower in English than majors in almost every other field.

Evidence that many graduates of teacher-training programs cannot read, write or do sums adequately has led educators like Robert L. Egbert, president of the American Association of Colleges for Teacher Education, to urge higher standards on his colleagues. The National Council for Accreditation of Teacher Education has become warier about issuing its seal of approval, which is largely honorific, since state boards of education issue their own, often easygoing approval for teacher-training programs. Nevertheless, with an awakened interest in "consumer protection" for parents and pupils, the council denied accreditation to teacher-training programs at 31% of colleges reviewed in 1979, compared with 10% in 1973. Says Salem, Ore., School Superintendent William Kendrick: "For too long, we've believed that if you hold a teaching certificate you can do the job."

Many teachers favor rigorous teaching standards, including the use of compulsory minimum-competency tests—at least for candidates starting out in their careers. They are dismayed by the public's disapproval. Says Linda Kovaric, 32, a teacher at Olympic Continuation High School in Santa Monica, Calif.: "The ad-

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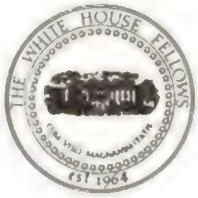

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"We had a test burn here in Rawlins, Wyoming, late in 1979, and we're setting up another one. Our hope is that by 1990, industry will be able to use this kind of synthetic gas, which of course will make us less dependent on expensive imported crude oil as an energy source.

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"Overall, you might say that the business we're really in is the business of energy for tomorrow."

Gulf

Gulf people: energy for tomorrow.

Gulf Oil Corporation

"Someday we may use gas from coal the way we now use natural gas."

ministration tells you you're doing a crummy job, parents tell you you're doing a crummy job, kids even tell you you're doing a crummy job. A lot of teachers these days feel and look like soldiers who returned from Viet Nam. You see the same glazed look in their eyes."

Many teachers have come to see themselves as casualties in a losing battle for learning and order in an indulgent age. Society does not support them, though it expects them to compensate in the classroom for racial prejudice, economic inequality and parental indifference. Says *American School Board Journal* Managing Editor Jerome Cramer: "Schools are now asked to do what people used to ask God to do." The steady increase in the number of working mothers (35% work full time now) has sharply reduced family supervision of children and thrown many personal problems into the teacher's lap, while weakening support for the teacher's efforts. Says Thomas Anderson, 31, who plans to quit this month after teaching social studies for seven years in Clearwater, Fla.: "I know more about some of my kids than their mothers or fathers do."

A teacher's view, in short, of why teachers cannot teach is that teachers are not allowed to teach. "The teacher today is expected to be mother, father, priest or rabbi, peacekeeper, police officer, playground monitor and lunchroom patrol," says David Imig, executive director of the American Association of Colleges for Teacher Education. "Over and above that, he's supposed to teach Johnny and Mary how to read." Adds Edith Shain, a veteran kindergarten teacher at the Hancock Park School in Los Angeles: "The teacher doesn't know who she has to please. She's not as autonomous as she once was."

In the past 15 years the number of teachers with 20 years or more experience has dropped by nearly half. Four out of ten claim they plan to quit before retirement. In 1965 more than half of America's teachers told polltakers they were happy in their work. Now barely a third say they would become teachers if they had to make the choice again.

For many teachers, whether to leave their profession is not seen as a question of choice, or economics, but as a matter of emotional necessity. The latest pedagogic phenomenon is something called "teacher burnout." It is a psychological condition, produced by stress, that can result in anything from acute loss of will to suicidal tendencies, ulcers, migraine, colitis, dizziness, even the inability to throw off chronic, and perhaps psychosomatic, colds.

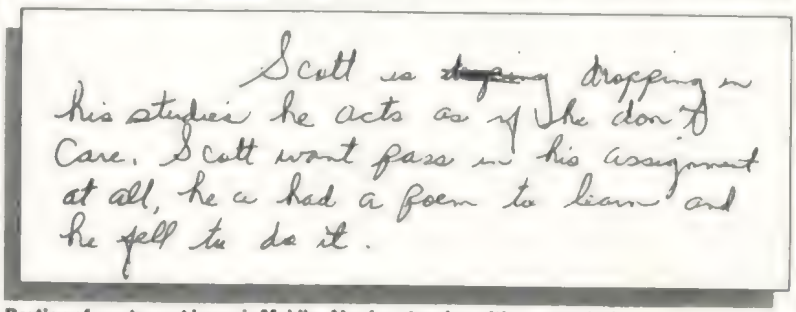
This spring the first national conference on teacher burnout was held in New York City. Surprisingly, the syndrome seems nearly as common in small towns and well-off suburbs as in big cities. The National Education Association has already held more than 100 local workshops round the country to help teachers cope with the problem, which University of California Social Psychologist Ayala Pines defines as "physical, emotional and attitudinal exhaustion." Last March, Stress Consultant Marian Leibowitz held a burnout seminar in Edwardsville, Ill. (pop. 11,982). It drew a paying audience of 250 to a hall big enough for only 100.

According to Dr. Herbert Pardes, director of the National Institute of Mental Health, what emerges from the familiar litany of teacher complaints is that administrative headaches and even physical assaults on teachers can be psychologically less wounding than the frustrating fact that teachers feel unable to do enough that is constructive and rewarding in their classrooms. Whether it is blackboard jungle, red-tape jumble, a place of learning or a collective holding pen for the hapless young, the modern classroom, teachers claim, is out of teachers' control. Some reasons:

Discipline and Violence. Last year 110,000 teachers, 5% of the U.S. total, reported they were attacked by students, an increase of 57% over 1977-78. Teachers believe administrators tend to duck the subject of violence in the schools to avoid adverse publicity. More than half the teachers assaulted feel that afterward authorities did not take adequate action. Today one in eight high school teachers says he "hesitates to confront students out of fear." One in every four reports that he has had personal property stolen at school.

Since the *Wood* vs. *Strickland* Supreme Court decision of 1975, which upheld the right to due process of students accused of troublemaking, the number of students expelled from school has dropped by about 30%. As always in a democracy, the problem of expulsion turns in part on the question of concern for the rights of the disruptive individual *vs.* the rights of classmates and of society. School officials argue that it is wiser and more humane to keep a violent or disruptive student in school than to turn him loose on the streets. But, says John Kotsakis of the Chicago Teachers Union, "schools are now being asked to be more tolerant of disruptive or criminal behavior than society." In a Washington, D.C., high school, a jealous boy tried to shoot his girlfriend in class. The boy was briefly suspended from school. No other action was taken. Says a teacher from that school: "These days if you order a student to the principal's office, he won't go. Hall monitors have to be called to drag him away."

Student Attitudes Toward Learning. In a current hit song called *Another Brick in the Wall*, the rock group Pink Floyd brays: "We don't need no education." There is near unanimity among teachers that many students are defiantly uninterested in schoolwork. Says one West Coast teacher: "Tell me kids haven't changed since we were in school, and I'll tell you you're living in a fantasy world." A New York panel investigated declining test scores and found that homework assignments had been cut nearly in half during the years from 1968 to 1977. Why? Often simply because students refuse to do them. Blame for the shift in student attitude has been assigned to such things as Watergate, the Viet Nam War, the Me culture. Also to television, which reduces attention span. Now there are 76 million TV homes in the U.S., *vs.* only 10 million in 1950. By age 18, the average American has spent an estimated 15,000 hours in front of the set, far more time than in school. Whatever the figures, teachers agree, television is a hard act to follow.


Scott is ~~staying~~ dropping in his studies he acts as if he don't Care. Scott wont pass in his assignment at all, he a had a poem to learn and he fell to do it.

Portion of a note sent home in Mobile, Ala., by a teacher with a master's degree

Shifting Tides of Theory. Because it is American, American education dreams of panaceas—universal modern cures for the ancient pain of learning, easy ways to raise test scores and at the same time prepare the "whole child" for his role in society. Education has become a tormented field where armies of theorists clash, frequently using language that is unintelligible to the layman. Faddish theories sweep through the profession, changing standards, techniques, procedures. Often these changes dislocate students and teachers to little purpose. The New Math is an instructive example. Introduced in the early '60s without adequate tryout, and poorly understood by teachers and parents, the New Math eventually was used in more than half the nation's schools. The result: lowered basic skills and test scores in elementary math. Exotic features, like binary arithmetic, have since been dropped. Another trend is the "open classroom," with its many competing "learning centers," which can turn a class into a bullpen of babble. There was the look-say approach to reading (learning to read by recognizing a whole word), which for years displaced the more effective "phonics" (learning

to read by sounding out syllables).

Pedagogues seeking a "science of education" are sometimes mere comic pinpricks in a teacher's side. For example, Ph.D. theses have been written on such topics as *Service in the High School Cafeteria, Student Posture* and *Public School Plumbing*. But many studies are hard on teacher morale. Sociologist James S. Coleman's celebrated 1966 survey of pupil achievement seemed glum news for teachers. That study argued that family background made almost all the difference, and that qualities of schools and teachers, good and bad, accounted "for only a small fraction of differences in pupil achievement." Later researchers, examining Coleman's work, found that pupils do seem to learn more when they receive more hours of instruction

Textbooks and Paperwork. Teachers are consulted about textbooks but rarely decide what books are finally bought. The textbook business is a $1.3 billion a year industry. Books are ordered by editorial committees and updated at the pleasure of the publisher to sell in as many school systems as possible. Since the late 1960s, according to Reading Expert Copperman, publishers have found that if a textbook is to sell really well, it must be written at a level "two years below the grade for which it is intended."

Paperwork done by teachers and administrators for district, state and national agencies proliferates geometrically. Though it all may be necessary to some distant bureaucrat—a most unlikely circumstance—when teachers comply they tend to feel like spindling, folding and mutilating all the forms. Paperwork wastes an enormous amount of teaching time. In Atlanta, for example, fourth- and fifth-grade teachers must evaluate their students on 60 separate skills. The children must be rated on everything from whether they can express "written ideas clearly" to whether they can apply "scarcity, opportunity cost and resource allocation to local, national and global situations."

Mainstreaming as Nightmare. Since the passage of Public Law 94-142 in 1975, it has been federal policy that all handicapped children, insofar as possible, be "mainstreamed," *i.e.*, educated in the same class with everyone else. The law is theoretically useful and just, as a means of avoiding unwarranted discrimination. But in practice it often puts an overwhelming strain on the teacher. "Mainstreaming is ludicrous," says Detroit Counselor Jeanne Latcham. "We have children whose needs are complicated: a child in the third grade who has already been in 16 schools, children who need love and attention and disrupt the classroom to get it. Ten percent of the students in Detroit's classrooms can't conform and can't learn. These children need a disproportionate amount of the teacher's time. It's a teacher's nightmare—she can't help them, but she never forgets them."

© Cornell

New York City Teacher Howard Sauerhof recovering after a student assault

One in eight high school teachers "hesitates to confront students out of fear."

The tangle of teaching troubles is too complex to be easily unraveled. But one problem whose solution seems fairly straightforward is the matter of illiterate and uninformed teachers. Competency tests can—and should—be administered to screen out teachers, old as well as novice, who lack basic skills. Such screening would benefit pupils, but it would also put pressure on marginal colleges to flunk substandard students bound for a career in teaching. Indiana University Education Professor David Clark asks rhetorically: "Is it more important to make it easy for kids to reach professional level, or to have good teachers?" Pressure is also needed to ensure adequate funding for teacher training. As a typical example, at the University of Alabama last year total instructional cost for a student in a teacher-ed program was $648, in contrast to $2,304 for an engineering student.

In a classic 1960s study titled *The Miseducation of American Teachers*, James D. Koerner, now program officer at the Alfred P. Sloan Foundation, called for the opening of new paths to careers in teaching. At present a state certificate is required for public school teachers, who earn it by completing practice teaching and specialized education courses (such as philosophy of education and educational psychology). According to Koerner there is little evidence that this program of study improves teacher performance. Koerner calls for more intellectually demanding but more flexible requirements to make the field more attractive to talented people who lack specialized teaching credentials. A small step in this direction is a three-year-old pilot program run by the school board in Hanover, N.H. There, college graduates who want to teach are carefully screened for such qualities as imagination and love of children, as well as academic competency. After a year of probationary teaching, chosen candidates become certified teachers

The sensible thing for any effective teacher would be to fend off such theories as best he can and go on teaching. As teachers are fond of saying, "Teaching occurs behind closed doors." But theory, some of it foolish and damaging, inexorably seeps under the doors and into the classrooms. For example, the sound idea that teachers should concentrate on whetting the interests of students and stirring creativity has been unsoundly used as an excuse to duck detailed schoolwork. Says Columbia's Teachers College Professor Diane Ravitch: "It is really putting things backward to say that if children feel good about themselves, then they will achieve. Instead, if children are learning and achieving, *then* they feel good about themselves." Ravitch believes U.S. education has suffered much from such pedagogic theories, and especially from the notion, which emerged from the social climate of the 1960s, that the pursuit of competency is "elitist and undemocratic."

Administrative Hassles. School procedures, the size and quality of classes, the textbooks and time allotted to study are all affected by government demands, including desegregation of classes, integration of faculty, even federal food programs. One way or another, teachers are bureaucratically hammered at by public health officials (about vaccinations, ringworm, cavities, malnutrition), by social workers and insurance companies (about driver education and broken windows), by juvenile police, civil liberties lawyers, Justice Department lawyers, even divorce lawyers (about child custody).

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Education

It has been argued that teaching needs to be more professional. But in some ways it is too professional now—too encrusted with useless requirements and too tangled in its own obscure professional jargon. The impenetrable language of educators has evolved into what Koerner calls "an artificial drive to create a profession." But it is more damaging to the country than the jargon of law, say, or even government, because it sabotages the use of clear writing and clear thinking by tens of thousands of teachers, and through them, hundreds of thousands of students.

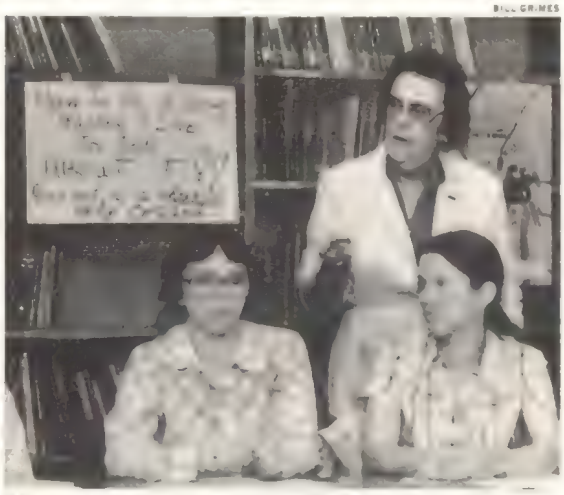
Violence in schools has got to be dealt with effectively. A muscular and unprecedented step in the right direction may have just been taken in California. Over a six-year period, Los Angeles County schools lost an estimated $100 million as a result of school muggings, lawsuits, theft and vandalism while city and school officials ineffectually wrung their hands over jurisdictional problems. Last month the attorney general for the state of California sued, among others, the mayor of Los Angeles, the entire city council, the chief of police and the board of trustees of the Los Angeles Unified School District, demanding that authorities put together some coordinated program to punish the criminals and cut down on violence and theft.

A promising proposal was made by legislators in Pennsylvania last year. They introduced bills requiring that schools report all attacks on teachers to state authorities and that criminal penalties be stiffened for school offenses. Under one of the measures, carrying a gun or knife in school would be treated as a serious crime, and a student who assaulted a teacher would face up to seven years in jail.

Principals need to be more willing to manage their schools. When necessary, the resignation of bad teachers must be sought, even though union grievance procedures can be costly and time consuming. "Too many principals are afraid of grievances," says William Grimshaw, professor of political science at the Illinois Institute of Technology. More important, it should be easier to reward good teachers —if only with public recognition, which is rare at present. As Sylvia Schneirov, a third-grade teacher in Chicago, puts it: "The only praise you get is if your class is quiet and if your bulletin boards are ready when the superintendent comes—you better not have snowflakes on the board when you should have flowers."

Public praise for a job well done matters a great deal. Last year Raj Chopra, the Indian-born superintendent of schools in Council Bluffs, Iowa, raised Council Bluffs' S.A.T. scores, which had slumped below national norms, by starting a systematic campaign to encourage "positive thinking" by—and about—Council Bluffs teachers. Says he: "We make them feel proud of their profession by emphasizing that what they do will have an impact on the country for years to come." On May 6, the city celebrated Teachers Day. Retailers, who had earlier been visited by a "teacher recognition task force," gave discounts to teachers that day.

Teaching children to read and write and do sums correctly is not so complicated a business as it is often made to seem. As Koerner puts it: "Almost any school can significantly improve its performance by the simple act of deciding to do so." Indeed, much of the trouble boils down to a failure of will, of old-fashioned teacherly "gumption" in the schools and outside them. As Marcia Fensin, a former teacher and mother of two daughters enrolled in Chicago's Joyce Kilmer Elementary School, says: "The teachers just don't care. They give busy work straight from the textbooks, and meanwhile our kids are not being motivated."



BILL GRIMES

A teacher stress workshop in North Carolina

Schools are asked to do what people used to ask God to do.

Ironically though, lack of care about education is also a favorite complaint of educators today. Echoing the view of many in the schools, President Lawrence Cremin of Columbia's Teachers College observes: "By and large, society gets what it deserves out of its school system. It gets what it expects. If you don't value things, you don't get them."

The evidence suggests that something so simple as caring can improve the schools. One of James Coleman's undisputed findings: all other things being equal, students achieve better in schools that have active Parent-Teacher Associations. PTAs can provide pressure to improve a teaching staff or school programs and facilities. More important, a widely supported PTA is the tangible sign of parental responsibility for education. Caring shows in other ways as well. Observes Cremin: "A number of studies indicate that certain kinds of schools are unusually effective. Whether the students are rich kids, poor kids, blacks, Hispanics or whites, these schools look very much alike on some criteria. The principal leads his teachers. The teachers become committed to teaching the basic skills. Expectations become high. Time is spent on classroom tasks, and a happy order pervades the school. Rules are widely known and quickly enforced. Parents are brought into the act and are supportive. In such schools, black kids learn, white kids learn, green kids learn."

Yet such is the dilemma of education today that even so clear-cut a matter as agreeing to establish very low minimum competency tests for teachers becomes a hot political issue, arousing fear that the tests will only serve as racial discrimination. Significantly, one of the most eloquent advocates of tough standards, and the man who speaks most probingly and practically about American education, its problems and possible salvation, is not an educator but a black leader, the Rev. Jesse Jackson. "Nobody can save us for us but us" is a Jackson slogan. He insists that parents sign a contract stating that they will get personally involved with school and require their children to do two hours of work a night, without benefit of television. "Many of us allow our children to eat junk," Jackson accuses, "watch junk, listen to junk, talk junk play with junk, and then we're surprised when they come out to be social junkies." And again, "Tears will get you sympathy, but sweat will get you change." Ostensibly, he is exhorting black ghetto kids and their parents. But he could just as well be setting up a program for everyone, blacks and whites, middle-class parents and burnt-out teachers.

The salvation of the public schools lies, most of all, in just such individual dedication to learning, spread society-wide. The schools are simply too big, too close to families and neighborhoods, and too diverse for the improvement of teaching to be ordered by a legislature, Governor, university or school superintendent. They do not need a social program as complex as, say, the Apollo space program, as the continued existence of good public schools throughout the nation shows. They need agreement by the many groups that shape them —parents, teachers, taxpayers, government—that teaching and good teachers are in trouble and need society's support. As to the historic issue, Thomas Jefferson put it well: "If a nation expects to be ignorant and free, in a state of civilization, it expects what never was and never will be." ■

The Bad News Gets Worse

Business tumbles, the political fallout hits and tax cut talk begins

Some economists call it a free fall. To the 1.7 million people added to the jobless rolls in April and May, the U.S. economy may well seem to have toppled off a cliff or been sucked into a black hole. Whatever the metaphor, the numbers that came out last week left no doubt: not only has the long-feared recession begun but it is already shaping up as one of the worst slumps since the Great Depression of the 1930s

The key figures:

▸ Unemployment in May jumped to 7.8% of the work force, from 7% in April and 6.2% in March, the steepest two-month rise in at least 32 years. The rate already is well above the 7.2% figure that the Carter Administration had forecast for the end of the year. Each week 675,000 laid-off workers are filing claims for unemployment compensation.

▸ Sales of U.S.-made cars in May tumbled 37% below a year earlier, to less than 500,000. In fact, the average selling rate on each day that the showrooms were open was the lowest for any May since 1963. In this quarter, auto plants will build fewer cars than in any second quarter since 1961.

▸ New orders received by U.S. factories in April fell 5.5% from the month before, the sharpest drop in more than five years. In April the factories operated at only 81% of capacity, down from 84.4% in January.

▸ Spending for new construction in April fell 3.6% from March, which had been down 5.4% from February, the sharpest fall in at least five years The figures indicate that commercial and industrial construction have gone into a nosedive along with housing. Housing starts in April ran at an annual rate just above 1 million, close to the lows of the 1973-75 recession. The U.S. League of Savings Associations predicts that housing starts for the whole year will total only 1,050,000. That would be the smallest number since 1946

▸ Interest rates continued to slide almost as rapidly as they went up last winter and early spring. Major banks reduced their prime rate on business loans to 13%, far below the unheard-of peak of 20% reached in April. Fundamentally, that is a note of cheer: the decline will make it easier for consumers to finance purchases of houses and cars and for businesses to build new plants. But not much easier: the rates are still higher than any reached before 1979. And the speed and depth of the drop shows how abruptly the high rates choked off the business and consumer borrowing that had kept the economy growing.

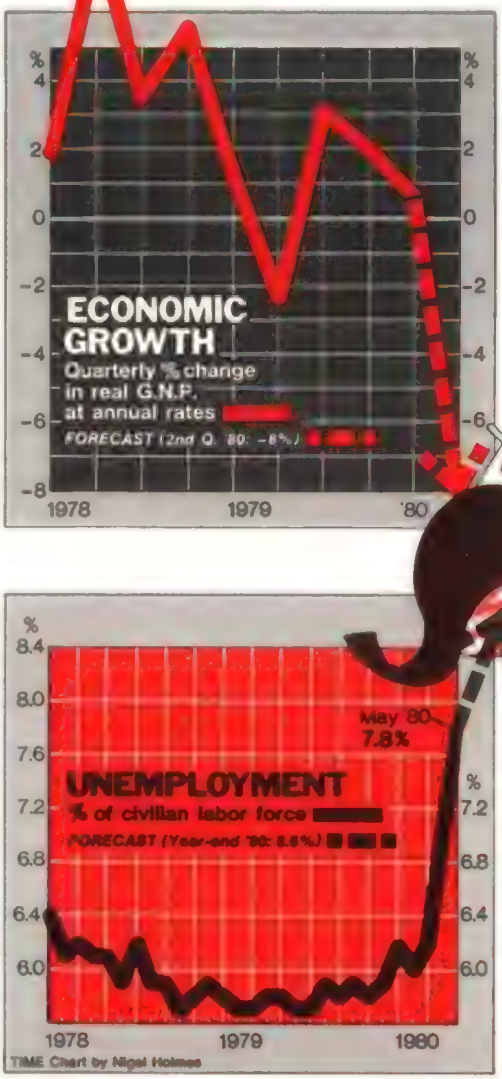
What makes the virulence of the slump most remarkable is that it happened so fast. To be sure, the housing and auto industries turned down sharply last year. But only weeks ago there were still no conclusive signs that the weakness had spread to the rest of the economy. In the steel industry, for example, buying by non-auto customers kept sales and production fairly high until March. Says Donald Barnett, chief economist of the American Iron and Steel Institute: "Orders dropped 40% within a week."

In fact, it was only last week that the slump got its official credentials from the National Bureau of Economic Research, the private Cambridge-based organization that establishes the starting and ending dates of recessions. At a special meeting, its Business Cycle Dating Committee decided that the evidence is unmistakable: the U.S. is indeed in a recession. The economy reached its high point in January and has gone downhill ever since.

How bad that damage may get, and how long it will last, is anybody's guess. TIME's Board of Economists last week rendered a mixed verdict: the downturn will proceed at least through the rest of this year, and on the whole will not be quite as violent as the one in 1973-75, though it may be worse in some specific respects —notably unemployment *(see following story)*.

There is no doubt that the recession will greatly magnify the political problems of Jimmy Carter. While no one would ever admit it publicly, his policies seemed designed to produce a recession deliberately. He hoped that it would be short and mild, but apparently accepted the widespread opinion that only a recession could break the U.S. inflation.

That policy already has got Carter in trouble in his own party; anger about inflation and recession helped to propel Ted Kennedy to his victories in last week's primaries. Says one seasoned Washington observer "The very people Carter needs most, blue-collar people in the industrial



The "Muff-It" Show

states, are going to be the people worst hurt." Republicans agree, even though the Carter policies in question are the standard G.O.P. nostrums of curbing Government spending and encouraging the Federal Reserve to follow a tight-money policy. Says Republican National Committee Chairman William Brock: "Carter is consciously using human beings as cannon fodder in his war against inflation. We're going to take his hide off on that."

Actually, of course, the President neither expected nor wanted a recession as severe as the one that has begun. The most serious charge against him—and it is a grievous one—is that he failed to take sufficiently vigorous action against inflation until it soared past 18%. Once inflation had gone that far, a deep recession became inevitable: consumers simply had to cut back their buying of goods and services because prices were rising so much faster than incomes.

Now that the slump has begun, it poses a severe dilemma for Government policy: How far can recession-fighting measures go before they worsen the inflation that helped bring on the recession in the first place? Speaking to bankers in New Orleans last week, Treasury Secretary G. William Miller asserted that the Administration has "got to stay with fighting inflation as the No. 1 priority." Paul Volcker, chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, has indicated no relaxation of the board's tight squeeze on money supply. But the nation's central bank already has begun to dismantle the restrictions on consumer credit that it put on last March.

Administration officials now concede that they may have dealt too great a psychological shock to consumers by encouraging the Federal Reserve to clamp controls on credit buying, and businessmen agree. Says James L. Harris, President of the Washington Federal Savings and Loan Association: "People thought using their credit cards was not only illegal, but against the church."

Miller nonetheless opposes a Senate move to repeal the President's authority to ask the Reserve Board to impose credit controls, on the ground that controls could still be needed in an inflationary emergency. Congress itself is all but hopelessly hung up in a battle about how much to increase military spending, and how far to cut social services, in the budget for fiscal 1981, which starts Oct. 1. Congress and Carter insist that inflation must be fought by producing a budget that would be balanced if there were only a mild recession—even though the deep recession now under way is just about certain to bring another large deficit.

The most likely recession-fighting strategy is a tax cut. Carter and aides have been telling Congress that they will not even discuss one until the legislators produce a fiscal 1981 budget that is theoretically balanced. But the President has left himself an out. He has said that he will not allow a cut this year, leaving the possibility that he might advocate one that would be enacted this year but not take effect until 1981. Says Charles Schultze, Carter's chief economic adviser: "Obviously, we are going to have a tax cut. The real question is when."

Economists, businessmen and many politicians nonetheless are taking a 1981 tax cut for granted, and are speculating on its size. Guesses are settling in around $25 billion to $30 billion, divided into the traditional split of two-thirds going to individuals and one-third to businesses, though Schultze for one would prefer increasing business's share in order to prompt job-stimulating investment. In Washington, there is some speculation that the President will not even wait until fall to propose a cut, but will spring it on Congress within the next month—before the Republican convention meets in Detroit July 14.

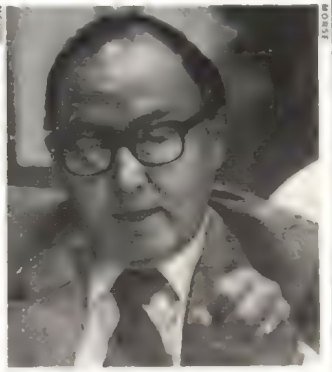
Ronald Reagan, Carter's certain Republican opponent, has been talking up a 30% slash in income tax rates phased in over three years, which the White House views as inflationary. Thus the stage is set for a weird role reversal: the Republican candidate assailing a Democratic President for fighting inflation by inducing unemployment; the President countering by accusing the Republican of proposing inflation to combat recession.

Other possible proposals to fight the recession—a big increase in federal spending on public-works programs, for example—incur an even more serious risk of spurring inflation. The biggest danger, therefore, is that the U.S. has got itself into a truly vicious circle: inflation is cured by recession, which is cured by more inflation, which results in another recession —and so on and so on. ■

Walter Heller

Joseph Pechman

Marina Whitman


Beryl Sprinkel

Recession: Long and Deep

The sharp slump will be followed by an anemic recovery

The TIME Board of Economists met last week in Manhattan to review the nation's quickly deteriorating business situation. After looking at the economy's vital signs, the experts concluded that the recession of 1980 will be longer, deeper and more painful than was expected only a few weeks ago. Unemployment threatens to climb to a peak of 9% or more by early 1981, matching and perhaps even surpassing the 9% jobless rate that was briefly touched during the 1973-75 slump. Next month's release of growth figures for the second quarter is expected to show the economy dropping by about 8% on an annual rate during April, May and June.

It will be next year before the U.S. will enter a slow, fitful and anemic recovery. Said Joseph Pechman, director of economic studies at the Brookings Institution: "From the end of 1979 through the end of 1981, there will be no net growth in the real gross national product."

This recession has a character very different from the last one, which started in 1973. Aggravating the earlier plunge was a buying spree by businesses during the boom just prior to the recession. When the economy started to grow stagnant, firms were suddenly forced to cut back inventories, thus causing the economic avalanche. The present slide has been triggered almost exclusively by a cutback in consumer spending. Sometime in late winter Americans simply closed their wallets and snapped shut their purses. Sales of everything from autos and home appliances to airline tickets have dropped sharply.

Inventory-fueled recessions are essentially self-correcting because, once company stocks become manageable, firms start ordering again, and the economy picks up quickly. But a consumer-led recession lacks that built-in mechanism. Board members said that it could take a long time to get the American public spending again, without, of course, launching them on another inflationary shopping spree such as prevailed last winter.

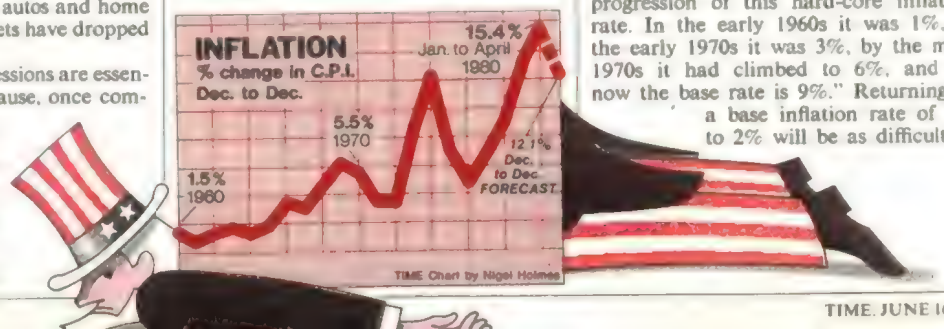
One piece of good news that the economists could offer was some moderation in inflation. After a flirtation with hyperinflation earlier this year, the nation's price-rise fever seems at last to have broken—at least for now. Curbing the price explosion, even at the expense of a recession, has all along been the objective of the Federal Reserve's eight-month-old tight monetary policy. By steadfastly holding down the growth rate of the nation's money supply, Fed Chairman Paul Volcker has pushed interest rates to their highest levels in a century, slowed borrowing by businesses and individuals alike, and sent the housing and auto industries into a tail spin.

Producer price figures for May released last week showed that the strategy is paying off. From a peak of 19.6% on a compound annual basis in March, prices grew last month at an annual rate of only 3.7%, indicating that increases in retail prices to consumers, which are also slowing, will continue to decelerate in the months ahead. Indeed most Board members predicted that consumer price rises would be about 9% by the end of the year. Walter Heller, chief economic adviser to President Kennedy, was more sanguine, predicting that price increases would be running at an annual rate of between 7% and 8% by October. This would be a significant drop from the 18.1% rate for the first three months of the year.

Beryl Sprinkel, chief economist of Chicago's Harris Bank, welcomed the decline as evidence that the Federal Reserve is really serious about "beating inflation down." He predicted that by the end of 1981 a sustained and steady course of slow money growth will result in an inflation rate of about 6.7%.

The decline in inflation from 18% to 9% or so, however, may be the easiest part of the war on high prices. Heller argued that any seeming improvement will, to a considerable extent, be illusory and of only short duration. Inflation surged during 1979 and early this year in large part because of the explosion of petroleum prices, interest rates and housing costs. Petroleum prices are still rising, but not nearly as sharply as in 1979. And interest rates have been falling rapidly in recent weeks. These two factors alone will help to lower the Consumer Price Index.

Yet short-term price fluctuations simply mask what Heller termed the "hard-core," or "base," inflation rate. This inflation is largely independent of any temporary shock effects, like shifts in gasoline prices or mortgage rates. It is caused by the momentum of generally rising prices, as everyone in a society passes on his rising costs. The hard-core inflation is especially linked to wages, which continue to move steadily higher to catch up with the cost of living. This base inflation rate, Heller warned, is not likely to be slowed very much by the recession. Said he: "What disturbs me is the progression of this hard-core inflation rate. In the early 1960s it was 1%, in the early 1970s it was 3%, by the mid-1970s it had climbed to 6%, and by now the base rate is 9%." Returning to a base inflation rate of 1% to 2% will be as difficult as



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NEW DATSUN NAPS-Z ENGINE DELIVERS MORE POWER FROM LESS GAS!

"The target was higher fuel economy, lower exhaust emissions, better driveability and increased horsepower, all at once from the same engine!" – Car & Driver.

It sounds impossible. And to Datsun engineers, the task must have seemed like a wild gas chase. But they did it. 250 patents prove the NAPS-Z (Nissan Anti-Pollution System) engine achieves those "incredible performance goals."

How? It uses a new cast-aluminum SOHC layout with crossflow hemispherical combustion chambers. This race-proven hemi-head design allows the engine to breathe more deeply through larger valve openings, and cuts the distance spark-plug flame must travel to insure complete burning of the fuel-air mixture.

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Recirculated exhaust gases help keep this special "quick-burn" system from forming more than the slightest trace of NO_x emissions. "The payoff," says Car & Driver, "is 9% more power, roughly 20% higher fuel economy, fewer noxious nasties out the tailpipe, and an absolute minimum of the spitting and surging typical of emissions-controlled engines."

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"The added power has been put to good use," according to Road & Track. The fuel-injected version of the NAPS-Z powers the 1980 Datsun 200-SX to "60 mph in 11.6 seconds and through the quarter-mile in 18.8 seconds" – seconds faster in both respects than last year's 200-SX.

Tests by the USAC scored acceleration times (in seconds) of 0 to 50 mph in 8.4, 0 to 55 mph in 9.9, and the quarter-mile in 18.2.

But you must experience this new engine for yourself. Visit your Datsun dealer today and test-drive a Datsun 200-SX Sport Coupe or the carbureted NAPS-Z in a Datsun 510 Hatchback, Sedan or Wagon. And be sure to ask about air conditioning at its best. Datsun's "A-System." It's another example of Datsun "enginuity."

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NISSAN

1980 Datsun 200-SX

28 EST. MPG 40 EST. HWY

31 EST. MPG 43 EST. HWY

1980 Datsun 510 Hatchback

EPA estimates for comparison. Standard 5-speed manual.

Actual mileage may differ depending on speed, trip length and weather. Actual highway mpg will probably be less. California mileage lower.

sobering up a drunk after a ten-year binge.

Both Heller and Otto Eckstein, president of Data Resources, a Lexington, Mass., consulting firm, warn that short-term improvement in consumer prices in the next few months will not be evidence that inflation itself has been beaten. Said Democrat Eckstein: "The politicians will think that they've licked inflation, but it will only turn out to be that fruits and vegetables, or some other such component of the consumer price index, performed better than expected for a couple of months."

Moreover, Economist Eckstein warned that the current slowdown in petroleum prices is not going to last. This week the 13 members of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries will meet in Algiers, and are likely to agree on yet another boost in the cost of crude. At present the average worldwide cost of oil is about $31 per bbl., but Eckstein projects that it will rise to $35 per bbl. by year's end and $42 per bbl. by the end of 1981. A rise of that magnitude, more than double the U.S.'s projected climb in consumer prices during the period, would stoke up inflation all over again.

The economic experts saw some modest encouragement in the continuing strength of the world's other leading economies. During the 1973-75 downturn, nearly all industrial countries marched lockstep into a deep recession, knocking world trade flat and devastating export industries. Yet in the present situation only the U.S. and Britain are reeling. The economies of most of Continental Europe and Japan remain relatively buoyant, with inflation under greater control. This should help U.S. exports and give new strength to the American dollar. Said Heller: "One of the upbeat aspects of a downbeat economy is that real exports will improve."

Otto Eckstein

Robert Nathan

Murray Weidenbaum

The return to stable economic growth in the U.S. is likely to be slow and arduous. Any quick moves to provide economic shock treatment would probably only result in another round of inflation. The two sickest sectors of business, housing and autos, do not appear to be near immediate recovery. Guest Panelist Marina Whitman, chief economist for General Motors, forecast a modest pickup in car sales during the summer and then stronger sales after the introduction of new models in the fall. Much of the increase is likely to come from customers seeking small, fuel-efficient cars. Washington Economic Consultant Robert Nathan pointed out, though, that since Detroit's production capacity for such models remains limited, aggressive Japanese automen are likely to make further inroads on the American market.

Housing is also likely to remain very sluggish, despite the drop in mortgage rates from 17% to about 12½% over the past two months. Alan Greenspan, former chief economic adviser to President Ford, predicted that they will have to decline another 1% to 2% before there is a significant rebound in home sales.

Board members are concerned that, with unemployment increasing and the economy slipping into a steeper-than-anticipated slump as the November election approaches, vote-hungry politicians will forget the fight against inflation. They fear a scramble to hold down unemployment by stimulating the economy with easy money and big new federal spending programs. The political rationale for swinging back to a policy of spend and spend is likely to seem all the more beguiling as a result of the hopeless muddle that both Carter and the Congress have made of their joint effort to produce a balanced budget for fiscal 1981.

Because of the deepening recession, there is now no chance of balancing the budget next year. Each percentage point increase in unemployment beyond the unrealistic 7.2% that Carter estimated in preparing his budget, means an increase in the deficit of about $25 billion. But both Republican Greenspan and Democrat Pechman feared that Congressmen will now simply despair and start throwing money at the nation's economic troubles. This could have important effects on both inflation and the nation's political process *(see box)*. Greenspan also warned of

Balanced Budget Charade

The Carter Administration and Congress last week continued their deadlock over Government spending in 1981, after a White House session attended by the President and congressional leaders failed to resolve disagreements on how to balance next year's budget. But, as the nation slips into recession, the whole balanced budget debate has become an increasingly dangerous and irrelevant political game. The recent developments are of particular concern to Alan Greenspan, who served as chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers under President Ford. Warns Greenspan:

"Once the second-quarter G.N.P. estimates are known in two weeks, there is no way to get a fiscal 1981 balanced budget. The revenues will not be there to equal Government spending. We are going through an extraordinary charade in the budget process, which I'm terribly concerned about. We are eating up very precious political capital on the question of budget balancing. This is surely an exercise in utter futility. As soon as it becomes clearly impossible to balance the budget, that is going to be read as carte blanche to a number of people who want to add new expenditure programs and go full force on spending.

Alan Greenspan

"We are in for a fundamental and jolting shift in policy that will do very considerable political damage to the economic policymaking apparatus. If you go out and promise the American public that there will be a balanced budget in fiscal '81 and it isn't done, where does that put political support the next time it is required, which is 1982 and 1983?

"This hoax should be headed off. However, nobody wants to blow the whistle because that has political consequences to the whistle blower. I'm fearful of the consequences for the political system."

future economic troubles. Said he: "Because of the long lead times that it takes for federal spending to work through the economy, we will, in effect, be making policy for 1982 and 1983 in the coming months. If we blow it now we'll be looking at 25% interest rates in 1982 and double-digit unemployment in 1983."

To Eckstein the whole budgetmaking process has by now become, in effect, little more than rhetorical waltzing. Quipped he: "The so-called full employment budget concept, invoked since the Kennedy years, in which Government ran deficits equal to the taxes that would have been collected if the economy were at full employment, has now given way to an even more slippery concept—the January assumption budget, or 'JAB.' This is an attempt to balance the budget in the hypothetical world of January economic forecasts that are long obsolete."

Murry Weidenbaum, a visiting scholar at the American Enterprise Institute in Washington, warned that much of the runaway spending does not actually appear in the budget at all. Said he: "The whole approach must be: don't just stand there—un-do something. The Government must not only cut its budget deficit; it must reduce the expenditures of off-budget agencies, such as those that provide guaranteed loans to students, farmers and homeowners."

In spite of the evident need for steadiness and fiscal restraint, the Board showed surprising agreement on the likelihood of a tax cut of perhaps $30 billion early next year. Greenspan suggested that Carter, who has repeatedly opposed tax relief until the budget is brought into balance, is now preparing to call for a cut. He predicted a tax reduction proposal "as early as next month in the midyear budget review, with the tax cut taking effect on Jan. 1, 1981."

Next year's heavy increases in Social Security taxes, the continuing phase-in of Carter's windfall-profits tax on the oil industry and the added taxes on inflation-induced salary increases will raise the tax burden by some $44 billion next year. Board members generally favored some relief from the tax load, which is already the heaviest at any point since World War II.

A quick-fix solution to the recession in the form of a big spending program or a huge tax cut will be an attractive temptation in this election year. But the legacy of ten years of stop-go economic policy is ever deeper recessions and ever higher inflations. If the nation takes off into another business-go-round without knocking down its hard-core rate of 9% price rises, the inflation fire next time could be 20% or even higher. The economic, social and political costs of fighting the nation's dangerous inflation will be great, but they must be paid now if the U.S. is to avoid an even greater price at some later time. ■

Magna Charter

The troika conglomerate

Nearly every businessman believes that new corporate conglomerates went out with the miniskirt. Not Raymond Mason. Says the 53-year-old chairman of the Charter Co., who has hitched together an unlikely troika of oil, insurance and communications enterprises into the 74th firm on the FORTUNE 500 list: "You get safer by getting bigger."

Charter is moving from big to magna. It has agreed to buy the ailing Commonwealth Oil Refining Co., which operates a 160,000 bbl.-per-day Puerto Rico refinery, for $650 million. And last week it was completing plans to build a 100,000 bbl.-per-day refinery in Alaska, as well as sewing up the rights to 75,000 bbl. per day of North Slope crude.

Charter in many ways epitomizes the oil companies that President Carter has railed against for plowing oil profits into non-energy-related investments like hotels and department stores, which are totally unrelated to U.S. energy needs. Oil provided 95% of company profits in 1979, but earlier this year the firm used some of that money to pay a rumored $35 million for the ailing Philadelphia *Bulletin* (circ. 462,000).

Such acquisitions fit well with the business philosophy of the freewheeling Mason. Says he: "We believe that the Lord has the world constructed so that if you do 51% of things right, you'll be a great success." Mason can afford to say that. Last year his profits increased an incredible 1468%, to $365 million on revenues of $4.3 billion.

Mason runs his business from an elegant boathouse office on the St. Johns River in Jacksonville, Fla., where the self-described "frustrated hermit" can survey both his flourishing accounts and his lush 75-acre estate. Starting out with a motley collection of Florida mortgage, banking and land-developing firms, Mason in 1968 bought 60 small gas stations that eventually led to his acquiring $70 million worth of key Signal Oil & Gas properties two years later. From 1969 to 1974 Charter assets jumped 1184%, as the voracious Mason gobbled up other properties, including *Ladies' Home Journal* and *Redbook* magazines and Louisiana and Southern Life Insurance.

But in 1975 trouble struck. The value of Charter's real estate holdings plunged; the magazines stagnated; the company's Venezuelan oilfields were nationalized. Profits plummeted 86%. Mason halted his buying splurge, sold off some land, eventually closed such losers as *WomenSports*, a magazine launched by Tennis Star Billie Jean King and her husband, and merged *American Home* with *Redbook*. Out of that reorganization emerged the present Gaul-like structure of three parts.

The real goal of Mason's reorganization, though, was to get Charter into shape for more oil acquisitions. In 1979 he bought Carey Energy Corp., which was mired in lawsuits and $485 million in debt, from Edward Carey, the brother of New York Governor Hugh Carey. The deal cost Charter only $4 million in cash and pushed it into the ranks of the top 20 oil companies. Last year it accounted for more than 80% of the firm's profit.

Not all of Charter's holdings fit into the troika. Mason also owns an Oregon "aquaculture" subsidiary for salmon ranching, and has begun manufacturing a machine that unloads boxcars at ports. Because Charter is known for eclectic holdings, the company daily receives proposals for ventures that range from Montana gold mines to biorhythm techniques. Mason is considering "four or five" more new deals, including buying a railroad. Stock analysts fear that some of these far-flung adventures could cause the company to stumble again, as it did in 1975. But for now the high price of oil is paying for additions to the Charter conglomerate. ■

Chairman Raymond Mason at his office on a houseboat in Jacksonville, Fla.

Like Gaul, it is divided in three: oil, insurance and communications

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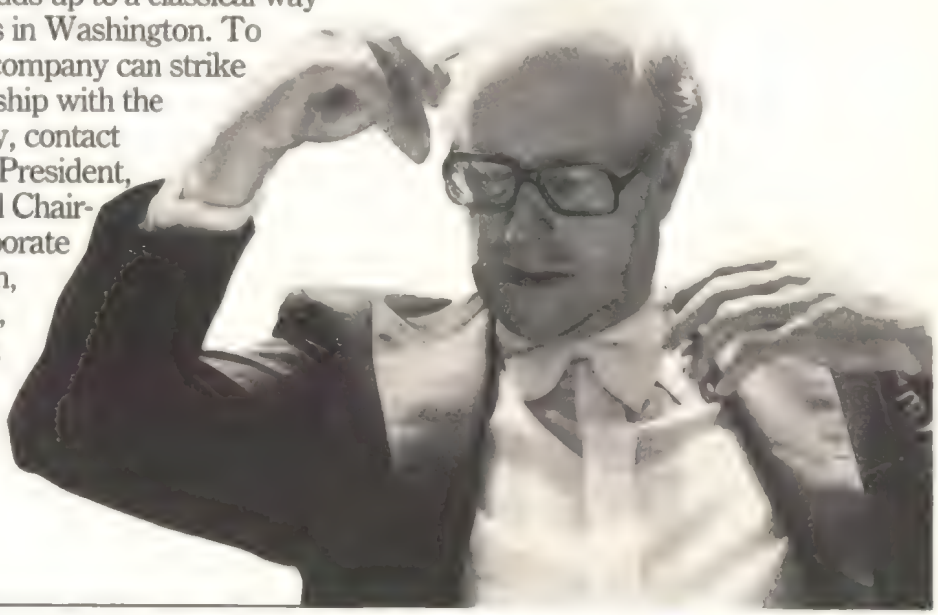

The National Corporate Sponsors Campaign for
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Cash and Carry

A comeback for greenbacks

Bucks, folding money, bread—whatever you call it, cash is making a comeback. Like a reformed smoker finishing his last pack; American consumers are putting away the plastic. Many stores now provide cash discounts, and the Government is worried about shortages of coins and currency.

The "back to basics" movement in money was spurred by Jimmy Carter's admonition to the public in March to cut down on credit purchases, and the Federal Reserve's subsequent credit restrictions. Though the Administration has now changed its mind, consumers had begun their own austerity programs. The share of people's disposable income going to installment credit slipped from last summer's 20.3% to 18.5% during the first three months of this year. For April, consumer installment debt fell by nearly $2 billion, the first time in almost five years Americans have paid off more than they have borrowed.

Alarmed by the decline in charge purchases, some retailers, such as Sears, are urging their credit customers to come back and spend. But many others are offering discounts for purchases made with old-fashioned folding money. At Pure Gold, a jewelry boutique in Atlanta, the response to a 10% cash discount has been "terrific," according to a saleswoman. Last week the House of Representatives gave further encouragement to the trend by voting to lift cash-discount restrictions. At present some states limit to 5% the discounts offered as incentives for payment in cash

The back-to-currency trend has spawned a boom in cards that give members discounts on cash purchases. One of the most successful is Savings Plus, which originated in Missouri and now claims more than 500,000 members nationwide. Under the name SaveSystem, merchants accepting the card in Washington, D.C., give discounts up to 15%.

With all the money running through the public's fingers, the Federal Government is beginning to face a legal tender shortage. With the price of copper going up, people are hoarding pennies. A paucity of $50 and $100 bills has been reported in California, where they are widely used in "pyramid clubs" (the modern variation of the old chain letter), which usually require players to contribute $500 or $1,000 in cash. The Saudis also like $100 bills. In May, Saudi Arabian banks took delivery on $250 million in $100s.

One solution under study by the Treasury Department: printing bills on a more durable plastic-like material that would keep them in circulation longer. If that happens, the U.S. might well become an all-plastic society. ■

RALPH MOSS

A male facial at a Madison Avenue salon

Macho Glop

Men face up to wrinkles

That bird of rare plumage, the American male, is strutting and primping. In the morning, after shaving, more and more men are reaching for a $20 tube of RNA Bio-Complex Moisture Cream instead of the Old Spice or witch hazel. Some pinstripe business executives are now canceling their three-martini lunches and scurrying across town to meet their wives at the skin-care salon for his-and-her noontime facials. For macho males, from Wall Street bankers to Los Angeles construction workers, a smooth, clear complexion has become as prized and pursued as a 32-inch waist and a ruddy tan.

During 1980, sales of men's personal grooming products are expected to top $1.5 billion. More than half that amount will go for men's fragrances, and demand for these is projected to rise by 15% this year. The biggest gain of all will come in a market that hardly existed ten years ago: men's skin-care products. Sales are expected to increase by at least 20% this year, to $100 million.

The skin-care products now being sold to men are as varied as anything ever served up to humanity's traditionally more wrinkle-conscious sex. Estée Lauder, purveyor of expensive creams, lotions and fragrances for women, offers a gilt-edged line of 70 different men's products under the Aramis label. Included in the list: pre-shave cleansing soaps to reduce razor drag and facial scrubs for use on the nose and forehead.

Speidel, a division of Textron Inc., has an elaborate array of moisturizers, conditioners and scents. Fabergé Inc. has its Brut line of men's toiletries. Even conservative Chesebrough-Ponds, virtually the Sears, Roebuck of the cold cream world, is emphasizing rugged outdoor men in its commercials for hand lotions. The Coty company, which for years has offered Musk For Men cologne, is preparing to launch another entry into the sweet-smelling sweepstakes, Mark of the Man.

The strongest sign of the new acceptance of male cosmetics is the surge in male facials. At Georgette Klinger's mirror-and-chrome emporium on Manhattan's Madison Avenue, men now account for 20% of business. All day long a stream of admen, lawyers and bankers settle back in plush barber chairs to have their faces anointed and cleansed with an exotic array of creams, masks and steam baths

At anywhere from $30 to $50 for the hourlong session, a facial by an experienced technician in a reputable salon is hardly dirt cheap, but devotees swear that it is money well spent. Says Connecticut Clothing Retailer Daniel Ferron, 59, a regular monthly customer at one New York salon: "I felt I was wasting a lot of time waiting around for my wife to have facials, so I decided to have them too. Now I look forward not only to what it does for my skin, but what it does to relax me." Until two years ago, Klinger's shop in Beverly Hills had an inconspicuous side entrance for men. But now the male customers are willing to march right up to the front door. ■

On the Road

Expense account living

Planning a business trip to England? Better pack a suitcase full of traveler's checks. This year London has become the world's most expensive city for an executive to visit, nosing out such traditional high-roller havens as Paris and Tokyo. Two days in the shadow of Big Ben—with first-class wining and dining all the way—now cost a princely $1,093, excluding airfare, according to a new survey of 30 cities by Business International, a New York consulting firm.

London leads the world in pricy hotel rooms, typically $192, but not in everything. A three-course dinner for four at a leading Paris restaurant will run $525. And drinks and entertainment at a Tokyo nightclub can produce a tab of $486 for four. Surprisingly, Lagos, Nigeria, is the world's fourth most expensive city to visit. The bill for a week's rental of a moderate-priced car there is $603, plus 83¢ per mile.

The U.S. has become the favorite of expense account auditors. New York City is only eighth on the list at $708 for a two-day visit, while Chicago ($570) and San Francisco ($567) rank 15th and 16th. The cheapest of the cities surveyed is Lima, Peru ($265). A hotel room costs just $60 a night, four theater tickets run to $12 and cigarettes are only 69¢ a pack. The low cost might just attract more businessmen into the llama import trade. ■

Smoke from burning fuel tanks darkens sky around Sasolburg, 60 miles south of Johannesburg, after bombing by black nationalist saboteurs

Oil-Tank Glow

Synfuel project sabotaged

It was the most destructive and audacious act of sabotage in South Africa's history. In a series of coordinated nighttime raids against petroleum complexes in the small oil towns of Sasolburg and Secunda, black nationalist guerrillas cut their way through chain-link fences surrounding two adjoining refineries in Sasolburg and then planted several limpet mines with expert precision. The explosions destroyed a total of eight fuel storage tanks and set off towering fires that raged for nearly two days. A third installation at Secunda, 90 miles east of Johannesburg, was rocked by seven bomb blasts but suffered only limited damage.

The plants, owned by the South African Coal, Oil & Gas Corp. (SASOL), are part of an ambitious project that aims to make South Africa almost totally self-sufficient in gasoline before the turn of the century by turning coal into liquid fuel. While similar synthetic fuels helped run Hitler's armies during World War II, the procedure has not been widely used because, until recently, petroleum was much cheaper. The South Africans have developed the most advanced facilities in the world for making synthetic fuels. Under the Carter national energy program now being completed in Congress, the U.S. would build ten similar plants at a cost of $20 billion by 1984.

Though plant officials claimed that production was not interrupted, they admitted that the bombs had caused $7.2 million in damages. But the raids raised new questions about the vulnerability to terrorist attacks of South Africa's industrial complex. Warned Lukas Daniel Barnard, chief of the Department of National Security: "We must not delude ourselves that these are sporadic incidents. They are part of a broad strategy."

Two of seven exploding tanks; $7.2 million in damages and questions of security

More evidence of a "total onslaught" against white minority rule in South Africa.

Responsibility for the bombings was claimed in London by the newly reorganized military wing of the African National Congress (A.N.C.), a radical nationalist group that was banned in 1960. After years of sporadic hit-and-run attacks, A.N.C. guerrillas have stepped up their activity in recent months. Last week's strike demonstrated a new level of proficiency in their determined struggle to free the country's 20 million blacks from the domination of 4 million whites.

The government of Prime Minister P.W. Botha was careful to keep its reaction subdued and controlled. Only after the A.N.C. had claimed responsibility for the acts did the government name two of the group's nonblack expatriate leaders as the raid's presumed masterminds. They were Joe Slovo, a white Communist exile now residing in Mozambique, and Frene Ginwala, a radical woman lawyer believed to be living underground within southern Africa.

The SASOL bombings seemed to lend considerable substance to Botha's recent warnings that a "total onslaught" is being prepared against white rule. To counter the rising militancy, the government this month has presented Parliament with a constitutional reform bill that would give a minor consultative role to nonwhites but not to African blacks. Botha's limited racial reforms, however, fall tragically short of even moderate black requests for parliamentary representation and an end to racial discrimination. Nationalist guerrillas have now shown that they are ready to go after South Africa's industry to back up their demands. ■

People

Field flounces in *Back Roads*

Roy, Voight, Ann-Margret, Siegfried, Young and the tiger before the tiger took off

You've come a long way, flying nun. From that silly television series about a novice who had an airborne habit, **Sally Field** landed in a serious role as Norma Rae, the Southern mill hand with a heart of steel and an eye for her union organizer. Fresh from that Academy Award performance, Field is at work in the South again in an even more down-to-earth assignment. In *Back Roads*, now shooting in Mobile, Ala., she plays a hooker who falls in love with a down-and-out boxer and decides to travel cross-country with him. If her roles are becoming more elemental, life for Field herself is growing more complicated. "I'm used to being the last person cast," she says, reflecting on pre-Oscar days. "Now I have the next two years planned."

Ah, godiam, la tazza e il cantico, as the spirited Alfredo sings in *La Traviata*. "Oh, rejoice, with wine cup and singing." That's what **Cary Grant, Charlton Heston, Angie Dickinson** and other members of Hollywood's elite were doing last week at Chasen's restaurant as the stars twinkled out a little starstruck themselves to meet the town's newest celebrity famed Tenor **Luciano Pavarotti,** a sometime Alfredo, who is about to take four months out of a schedule almost as fully packed as he is to star in *Yes, Giorgio*, a comedy about an Italian singer who falls in love with an American woman. **Carol Burnett** produced paper and pen for his autograph, **Carroll O'Connor** emerged from his Archie Bunker to demonstrate a sensitive knowledge of opera, and Grant, using the word that any Cary impersonator can deliver, told Pavarotti the film would be "terrific." Luciano, sipping Campari and soda, was as excited as the guests. "I didn't sleep all night," he insisted. "These people are all my idols."

■

Was it the lady or the tiger? That is, which became frightened by the lights at the Stardust Hotel in Las Vegas where *Looking to Get Out* was being filmed, and who looked—successfully—for a way to get out? Well, it wasn't **Ann-Margret,** who stars in the movie as a prostitute with a heavy past. She remained in focus along with Co-Stars **Jon Voight, Burt Young,** and the magic team of **Siegfried** and **Roy.** The tiger felt better out of the glare of the klieg lights and was only reluctantly coaxed back on camera. But the temporary escape made a nice publicity Bengal for the movie, so to speak.

Hartley on the *Today* set

■

The last time Actress **Marlette Hartley,** 39, had anything to do with current events onstage was when she won an oratorical contest at Staples High School in Westport, Conn., called "The Voice of Democracy." But guess who's coming to 8.4 million U.S. homes for breakfast, electronically speaking, for the next three weeks while *Today* show Hostess **Jane Pauley** goes off to marry and honeymoon with Cartoonist **Garry Trudeau**? Hartley, best known for her low-key and highly successful Polaroid camera commercials with **James Garner,** will handle inter-

Grant, Dickinson, Guest of Honor Pavarotti, Heston and O'Connor rejoicing at the Chasen's party

views and other chores as Pauley's stand-in. "I'm using brain cells I haven't used since college," confesses she. Of more concern to the suburban Los Angeles mother of two is temporary life in a Manhattan hotel. "How do you wake up at 5 a.m., nap from noon until 3 and still have time for the kids?"

■

Old English? Not exactly, admitted a Harvard spokesperson with crimson face. In lettering signs for the academic procession that would begin the university's 329th graduation, someone kneweth not how to spell. The result: places in line were saved for "candidates for honerable degrees" and "sherriffs," meaning local officials. No matter. The commencement went off in customary style with **Caroline Kennedy** among the 1,487 graduates and proud Mother **Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis** among the admiring parents, accompanied by Uncle **Edward Kennedy.** Venerable Telecaster **Walter Cronkite,** one of the eleven "honerable degree" recipients, was saluted for his "that's the way it is" approach to the news. Sheepskin in hand, Cronkite caught a plane back to New York to anchor the evening news—in which he, Caroline, Jackie, Teddy and Harvard were featured.

On the Record

Alberto Moravia, Italian author *(Time of Desecration)* and sometime film critic: "I did not like *The Godfather*. Too pessimistic. And Coppola's next film, *Apocalypse Now*, was even worse. Marlon Brando was a cross between Benito Mussolini and a big piece of cheese."

Jinabhai Navik, 78, Indian artist and jogger, loping into Delhi after a 34-day, 625-mile jog from Kashmir: "If you want to live, you must walk. If you want to live long, you must run."

Daniel F. Boone, 22, fifth-generation descendant of the legendary frontiersman, entering Army basic training: "I consider it an honor to be named Daniel Boone. You can never live under another person's name without building up your own."

In these exclusive photos, former Dictator Idi Amin Dada of Uganda suns beside Jidda hotel pool . . .

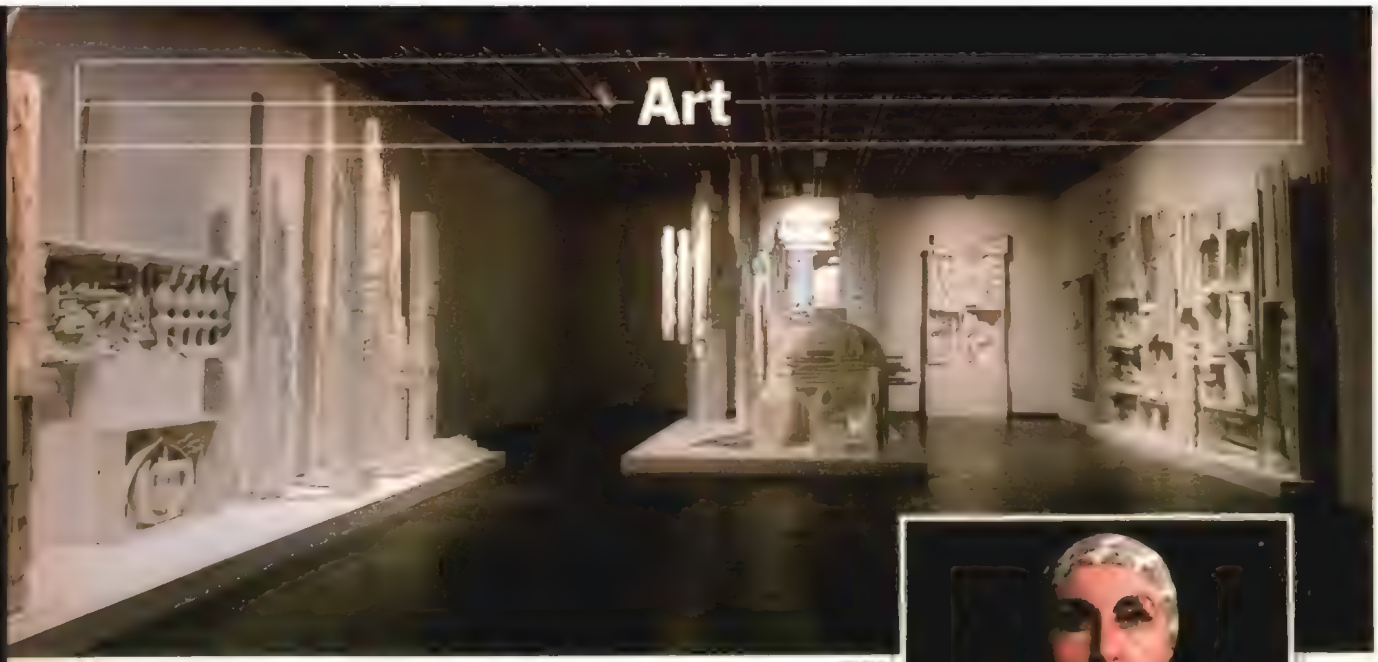
The last time **Idi Amin Dada** visited Saudi Arabia was in 1978, when he made the hadj to Mecca as a Muslim pilgrim. It rained in the desert kingdom on that occasion, and the then President-for-Life of Uganda took the rare occurrence as a sign that Allah was smiling on him. The smile has long since faded. The cruel and diabolical onetime field marshal has not only been kicked out of his own country but he is also unwelcome just about everywhere else. He and Fellow Dictator **Muammar Gaddafi** of Libya, who took the freshly exiled Amin in last year, had a falling out some months ago, and Big Daddy left. By trading on his Muslim faith, the onetime East African strongman has wangled what amounts to temporary asylum in Saudi Arabia.

Amin's whereabouts have been a closely guarded secret. Fellow guests in a Jidda hotel first learned of his presence when they spied 51 large suitcases and four steamer trunks in the lobby and assumed a tour group had arrived. The luggage belonged to Amin, one of his wives, a score of his children and assorted servants and bodyguards, all housed in a block of 30 rooms at the hotel. Since that time, other guests have seen the now very portly Ugandan when he emerges from his suite in swim trunks to dive into the hotel pool and swim lap after lap in a powerful and graceful crawl —after some of his offspring spend several minutes swabbing him down with suntan oil. Another pastime: listening to Scottish bagpipe music, his favorite, on a tape recorder.

When Amin ventures out of the hotel, he wears the shapeless white *thobe* gown and *ghutra* headcloth worn by most Saudi men. With the exception of a taped interview aired last week by the BBC—in which he insisted he is still well loved at home—he has refused to meet the press.

If nothing else, the sartorially sensitive ex-soldier is doing better at going Saudi than he did on his 1978 visit. Back then, he arrived dressed like a Saudi prince, except that his robes did not fit and all the accoutrements were wrong. So aghast were the Saudis that they promptly sent their guest a complete and correct new getup, accompanied by an adviser to show him how to wear it.

. . . and romps with some of the score of his children who accompanied him into his wandering exile



Dawn's Wedding Feast at the Whitney: an abstract metaphor of nature itself

Tsarina of Total Immersion

A show of Louise Nevelson "environments" in Manhattan

Louise Nevelson, the doyenne of American sculpture, is 80 this year. Over the past four decades—she did not have her first exhibition until 1941—the work of this Russian-born artist, an immigrant from Kiev, has become one of the indispensable points of reference in American art as a whole. Her walls of wooden boxes, painted black, white or gold and containing arrays of scraps and found objects, occupy a unique mid-point between the grids of cubism and the dream landscapes of surrealism, displaying a tough analytical sense that is at the same time drenched in fantasy.

Nevelson's drive is something of a legend by now: few artists anywhere near her age keep working at such a pitch. Fittingly her formidable sense of vocation is currently celebrated in not just one but three Manhattan shows. At the Pace Gallery is a collection of models for metal outdoor sculpture Nevelson has done in just the past decade. At the Wildenstein Gallery is a rich assemblage of wood constructions and collages. But in many ways the centerpiece of the Nevelson celebration is an exhibition called "Atmospheres and Environments" at the Whitney Museum.

The show sets out one of the main concerns of Nevelson's art as it has developed over the past 30 years: the making, not of single sculptures, but of environments, whole rooms of related works that are meant to be read cumulatively, rather than one by one. The effect is of total immersion, an old preoccupation of modern artists. "Atmospheres and Environments" condenses, into four rooms, all that remains of seven large environmental shows held between 1955 and 1961—a distilled essence of her work, large in scale and quite overwhelming in theatrical impact.

The first of the environments, called *The Royal Voyage*, consists of early pieces from the '50s that are too distinct and fragmentary to work together, but it prepares one for the Nevelsonian themes —those dark spikes and points, the torso-like fragments of turned baluster that are her equivalent of the cubist guitar, the plaques and table forms, the totems.

But to move into the next room, *Moon Garden + One*, is to see the full mastery of effect with which Nevelson could, and still can, transform a given space. These columns and stacks of boxes, with their carefully orchestrated suggestions of altarpiece, shrine, cave and iconostasis, suggest how far her desire for an environmental art has transcended decoration. The sculpture does not merely sit on the wall; it appropriates the whole surface, making the room itself an instrument of reverie. Spotlights play on the graphite-black surface of the sculptures, carving patch within darker patch of shadow until the inner forms of the wall are drowned in obscurity and only the faintest rustle of black under black suggests their presence.

All this could be melodramatic, without Nevelson's clear sense of formal diction. She knows exactly how far a space can be loaded with shapes before congestion takes over. And as a rule, her shapes are marvelously clear and decisive, a dream geometry of arcs, circles, balls and triangles, alternating with rougher and more battered fragments of wood. In this variety of texture and profile, which runs from Platonic solid to inchoate lump, her formal system seems to suggest the layers of definition from which memory itself is composed.

The doyenne of American sculpture

Part of the achievement of her work lies in the way in which she adapted the rationale of cubist composition to more mysterious ends. "Cubism gives you a *block* of space for light, a *block* of space for shadow," Nevelson has said. "Light and shade are in the universe, but the cube transcends and translates nature into a structure." In sum, the encompassing ambition of Nevelson's work is to make a continuous surface so full, so engrossing and so minutely articulated with variety of detail that it can work as an abstract metaphor of nature itself.

This does not always come off. One detects (especially in parts of the gold-painted environment, *The Royal Tides*) a note of theatrical pomp, a weakness for the merely spectacular. But Nevelson's black rooms and her array of white sculpture entitled *Dawn's Wedding Feast* —the negative reversal of *Moon Garden*, every shape blanched and fully visible under the chalky candor of the white paint so that it seems ethereal and removed rather than dense and beckoning—afford an extremely satisfying sculptural experience. They are full of mystery, rigor and the calmly detailed expressive power that Nevelson, over that long career, has made peculiarly her own. — ***Robert Hughes***

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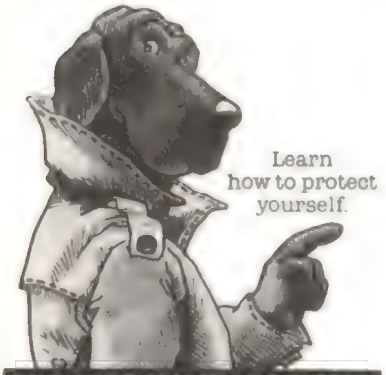

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Press

Démocratie in the Newsroom

The staff of Le Monde *elects a new* directeur

It was a standard political campaign in many ways. The candidates, a large and somewhat ragged field at the outset, spent months buttonholing prospective voters and sweating through long question-and-answer sessions. Gradually the field was narrowed to two men who disagreed on the issues. Finally, a winner was chosen. His prize was not a political office, though in France some might regard it as the next best thing to being President.

The 200 editorial staff members of *Le Monde* (circ. 500,000), the most influential journal in France, last week elected their next director, Claude Julien, 55. After a tutorial two years under present Director Jacques Fauvet, 66, Julien will take over the paper in 1982, serving as chief editor and publisher, a position of major influence in the Fifth Republic. Founded in 1944 by Hubert Beuve-Méry, who was designated its first director by Charles de Gaulle, *Le Monde* is required daily reading for French government officials and diplomats around the world. Mixing first-rate reporting with a heavy dose of editorial opinion, *Le Monde* has managed to remain free of domination by any political party or any particular owner.

In fact, *Le Monde* has no particular owner; it has 700 of them. Since 1951 the daily has been owned by its employees, though they do not set the paper's policy. Beuve-Méry, sometimes referred to by staffers as "God," ran a taut one-man editorial operation for 25 years before handing over the reins in 1969 to his hand-chosen successor, Fauvet. Under Fauvet, *Le Monde* moved perceptibly left, supporting Socialist Party Leader François Mitterrand in the 1974 presidential election won by center-right Candidate Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, and showing sympathy for the brutal Cambodian Khmer Rouge. In response to increasing criticism from readers and public officials, Fauvet has in the past few years gently nudged *Le Monde* back toward the political center, most recently chiding French foreign policy for being too soft on the Soviets and too hard on the Americans.

That moderation may end when Julien takes charge. Editor of the paper's monthly supplement *Le Monde Diplomatique* since 1973, Julien is further to the left and more virulently anti-American than almost any other senior journalist on the staff. The son of a railway worker, he was educated in the U.S. at the University of Notre Dame, and joined *Le Monde* as a foreign news editor in 1951. His favorite editorial litany, honed to perfection in front-page editorials at *Diplomatique*, concerns the revolutionary struggle of Latin America to escape American influence. Says a longtime rival: "Julien turned *Le Monde Diplomatique* into an organ of demagogic Third-Worldism."

In fact, moderate *Le Monde* reporters were so concerned that Julien might win that they recalled the paper's top foreign correspondents to lead the opposition or offer themselves as candidates. But after three frustrating and exhausting months of unsuccessful balloting, it seemed that no candidate would ever get the required

Winner Claude Julien voting for himself

"He wears a tie and looks authoritative."

60% of the vote. (Only editorial employees were voting; others were expected to ratify the result later.) The staff's love of this new exercise in *démocratie* was diminishing steadily, along with opposition to Julien. Said one weary reporter: "We couldn't really think about anything else during this unending campaign."

A forceful and persuasive colleague, Julien finally overwhelmed his last opponent, moderate Peking Correspondent Alain Jacob, in the seventh round of voting. Of the new *directeur's* managerial skills, there is no question. At *Le Monde Diplomatique*, he cut costs and increased circulation. He promised during the campaign to work similar miracles at *Le Monde* and to restrain his own political views. "It was not a question of ideology, but Julien's great facility for talking," as one reporter put it. Said a young leftist on the staff: "He wears a tie and looks authoritative." ■

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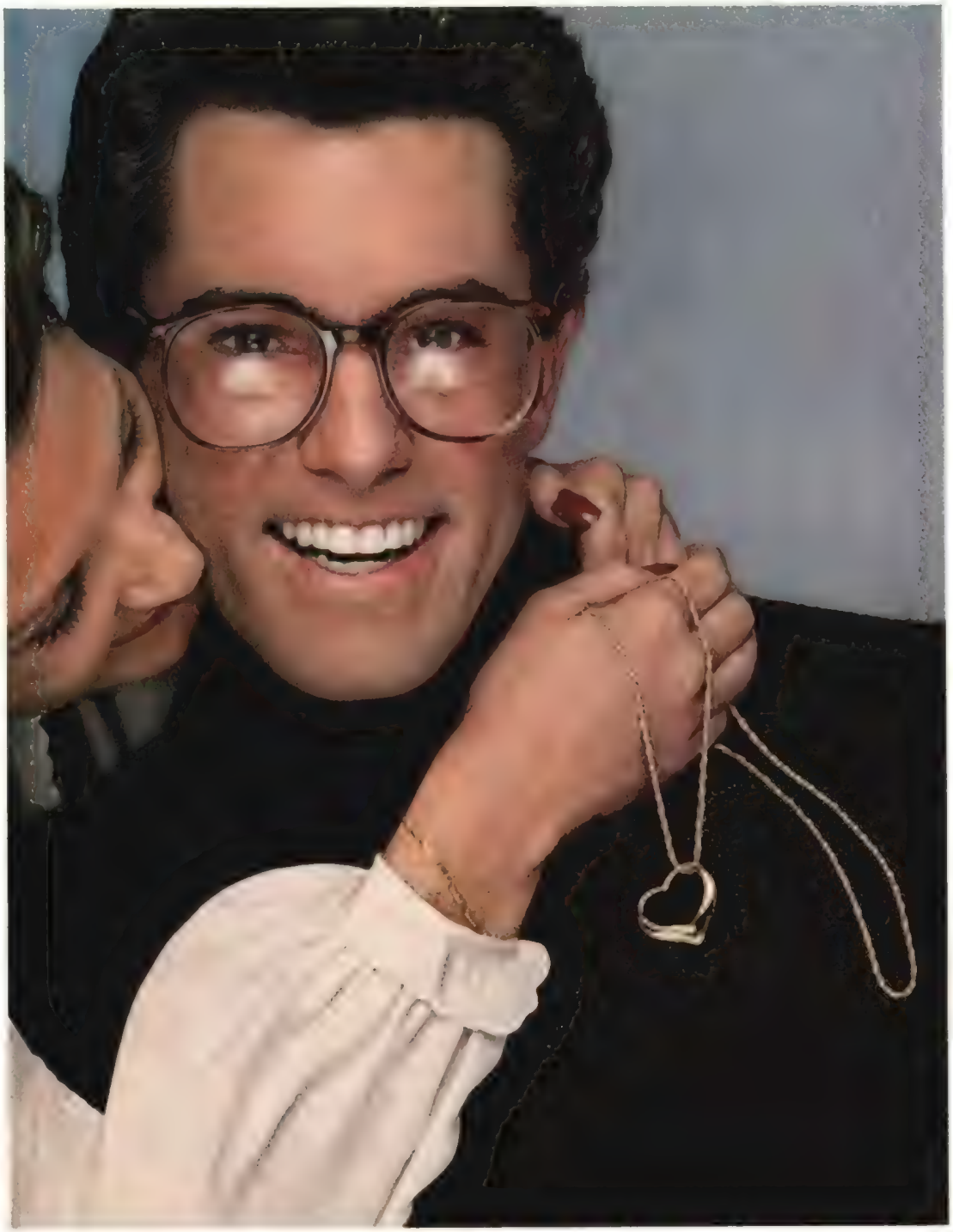

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St. Urbain Street Revisited

JOSHUA THEN AND NOW *by Mordecai Richler; Knopf; 435 pages; $11.95*

With his eighth and best novel, Mordecai Richler, the wandering Canadian, comes home. It is a place of great vitality, unabashed tenderness, grotesque humor and a grouchy reverence for things as they were. In some respects, the book is a Jewish *Brideshead Revisited*, the sacred and profane memoirs of an exaggerated autobiographical character named Joshua Shapiro, a Montreal writer and TV personality. A resemblance to Evelyn Waugh's novel is not farfetched. Richler twice borrows the comic master's line about the companions of his youth: "Mad, bad, and dangerous to know." In addition, the prodigal North American seems to have learned much from Waugh about episodic plotting and mixing poignant and farcical events.

Joshua Then and Now is unequivocally eventful, a circus of family entanglements, class conflicts, foreign and domestic adventures, sexual and criminal escapades, satire about life in literary London and semiliterate Hollywood. Shapiro is not the sort of writer to sit around massaging sexual guilts or nursing orchids of sensibility. He knows his craft but would rather talk about hockey, the Louis-Conn fight and the Spanish Civil War.

Joshua's childhood has left little room for pretensions. Like the author, he was born and raised in the low-rent Jewish section of Montreal, the background for Richler's *The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz* and *St. Urbain's Horseman*. Shapiro's father Reuben is an ex-boxer and oldtime bootlegger who helped the Colucci family collect gambling debts and gave unorthodox religious instructions to his son: "There are ten commandments. Right? Well, it's like an exam. I mean, you get eight out of ten, you're just about top of the class." Mother Shapiro is a former stripper and late-blooming porno actress who pops the eyes of Joshua's adolescent friends with a fan dance at her son's bar mitzvah.

Clearly Richler's hero does not have Alexander Portnoy's complaint. There are troubles enough. When first encountered, Joshua, 47, is recovering from multiple fractures suffered in an accident whose cause remains cloaked until novel's end. There are other details with delayed explanations. Why is this father of three and husband to the beautiful Pauline Hornby wearing lacy panties while talking to the police? Why is Pauline hospitalized with a nervous breakdown? Is Dr. Dr. Mueller (he has two degrees) really an ex-Nazi living on Ibiza?

Most questions are answered in due time. In the Richlerian calendar this means flipping back and forth from Montreal of the '30s and '40s, London and Spain of the '50s and *la belle province* of the present.

THOMAS COLE

Mordecai Richler

"Mad, bad, and dangerous to know."

It is quite a narrative trick, one that allows the author to hit the emotional highs and bawdy lows of Shapiro's lurch through a world of dubious achievements and even more dubious respectability. Joshua, with his raffish background and inherited street smarts, is an arbiter of such matters. Most of his childhood friends make it to Montreal's affluent suburbs and lose their roots in wall-to-wall carpeting. To put on occasional airs is human, but to be a full-time phony is to risk devastating caricature, like Yossel Kugelman who becomes Psychiatrist Jonathan Cole, author of the bestseller *My Kind, Your Kind, Mankind*.

As the husband of Pauline, the lithesome daughter of a former member of Prime Minister Mackenzie King's Cabinet, Shapiro gets to see frauds and lechers in both ethnic camps. The exclusive shores of Lake Memphremagog are breeding grounds for scandals, swindles, assignations and humiliations. The perfect patsy for Richler's animus is Pauline's brother Kevin, a Fitzgeraldian golden boy who is rotten at the core.

The heroes of the book belong to Hemingway: Sidney Murdoch, a writer of uncompromising genius from Joshua's London days; peasants and fishermen on Ibiza, where a youthful Shapiro went to write his history of the International Brigades; and, of course, Joshua's two-fisted father, Reuben Shapiro, Richler's best character in this or any of his other novels.

Reuben provides: old banknotes stashed for 30 years in a safe-deposit box; physical protection for Joshua and Pauline; unforgettable companionship for his grandchildren; and even prime whisky buried along country lanes since Prohibition days. The old man also offers Richler's clearest distinction between respectability, as a social façade, and honor, as a personal code. In a world of situation ethics—even situation aesthetics—Shapiro learns that the most important loyalty is to family and friends. It is the one virtue that can withstand the incursions of time.

This point is illustrated in numerous set pieces throughout the book, particularly when Shapiro and his St. Urbain

Excerpt

"A week after Trimble's Guy Fawkes party, Joshua sat in his study unable to work . . . Then [miraculously] the phone rang and something did turn up. Peabody at *Playboy*. As they couldn't afford Harold Robbins, he said, and Jacqueline Susann wasn't available, would he consider doing a piece for them on the new Hollywood? Only three days later, Joshua flew out to L.A.

Joshua loved Hollywood and its confident hustlers. On a previous visit he had delighted in spinning through the canyons in somebody else's Mercedes, gearing down to consider the more outlandish mansions, each garden perfect. He liked to wander through the unbelievably opulent men's shops on Rodeo, startling the prissy clerks by bargaining. He enjoyed the tanned, trim, middle-aged producers on health diets, toting scripts to market in Gucci attaché cases, even as their East Side grandfathers had once carried sewing machines on their shoulders. They strutted into the Polo Lounge or La Scala or Dominic's, bound in safari suits, blissfully playing the room, death just another sour-grapes rumor out of the East, bad word of mouth, something that used to figure in grainy European-made films, which everybody knew were bum grossers."

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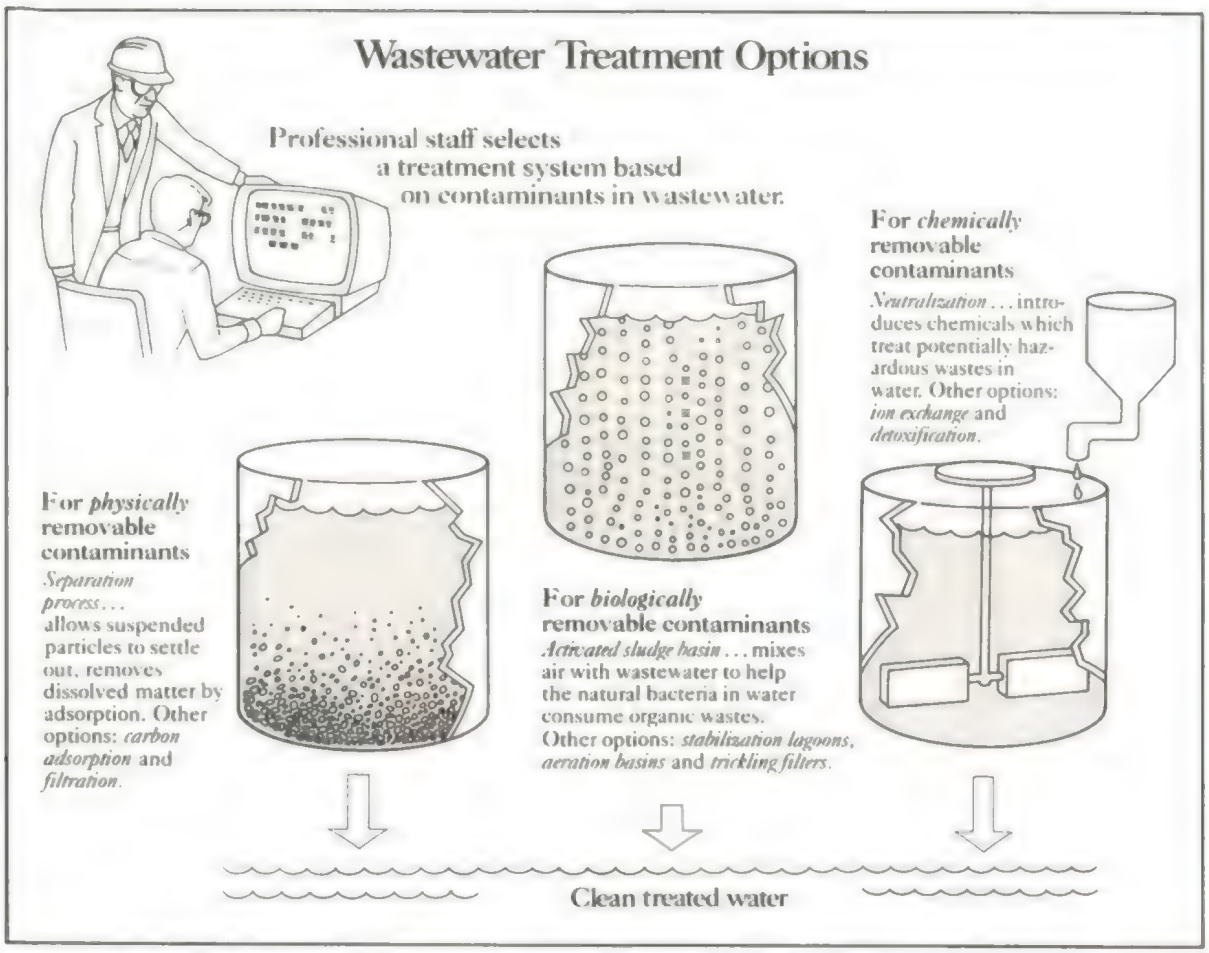

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that are specially tuned to some hard-to-treat chemical wastes.

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Books

Street cohort gather at their annual bash to forget stiffening joints, hardening arteries and the triumph of gravity over muscle tone. It is a raucous affair known as the Mackenzie King Memorial Society dinner. At one point the group splits into two sides and replays the 1947 Stanley Cup Final, using an empty champagne bottle for a puck. The racket attracts the hotel detective, who reminds the revelers, "You're all grown-up men here." To which Joshua replies: "Don't judge us too harshly."

The same humane appeal could apply to *Joshua Then and Now*. With its abandoned blend of refined sentiments and gross antics, the book is a wonderful expression of Richler's own precocious middle age. — ***R.Z. Sheppard***

Bodysurfers

FINDING A GIRL IN AMERICA
by Andre Dubus
Godine; 183 pages; $10.95

Andre Dubus

About halfway through this collection of ten short stories and a novella, a Class C minor league baseball player named Rick Stanley hits a home run: "It would happen again, in other ball parks, in other seasons, and if Stanley had been able to cause it instead of having it happen to him, he would be in the major leagues." Author Andre Dubus, 43, specializes in such people, interested but hapless spectators of their own lives. Although many of his characters are physically rooted in New England mill towns, they walk the streets as moral transients. "Should and shouldn't don't have much to do with feelings," says one. Lacking the control that a sense of right might bring, they simply bodysurf on the waves of their passions.

They frequently crash. In *Townies* a young drifter murders a college girl, less out of rage than helplessness; her announcement that she would no longer sleep with him in her dorm room makes

him strike out at his own rejection-filled life. In *Killings* a man on the eve of graduate school is fatally shot by his girlfriend's estranged husband. A month later the father's grief still grows: "It was a cool summer night; he thought vaguely of the Red Sox, did not even know if they were at home tonight; since it happened he had not been able to think about any of the small pleasures he believed he had earned, as he had earned also what was shattered now forever: the quietly harried and quietly pleasurable days of fatherhood." The tide of such pain carries him inexorably toward blood vengeance.

Not all of Dubus' stories turn on overt violence; anguish sometimes comes through less dramatic but equally effective means. Of these, the most common are infidelity and divorce. It is hard to tell who suffers more, the wandering parents or their children. *Delivering* follows two thoroughly upset brothers on their newspaper route the morning after their mother and father noisily called it quits. In the title novella, *Finding a Girl in America*, Dubus picks up the saga of Hank Allison that he began in two earlier volumes of stories. Experiments in consensual philandering ultimately broke up the Allison marriage. Now Hank, 35, lives alone, teaches at a small Massachusetts college and has sequential affairs with matriculating young women: "What had been spice in his married twenties was now his sustenance." Not only does Hank find this diet unsatisfying, he worries about its effect on his teen-age daughter: "He does not want her girlhood and young womanhood to become a series of lovers . . . he does not, in fact, want her to be like his girlfriends."

Similarly, the divorced hero of *The Winter Father* must endure both the absence of his two small children during the week and the problem of entertaining them on weekends. He imagines owning an enormous building that would make life simple for fathers in his position: "A place of swimming pool, badminton and tennis courts, movie theaters, restaurants, soda fountains, batting cages, a zoo, an art gallery, a circus, aquarium, science museum, hundreds of restrooms, two always in sight, everything in the tender charge of women trained in first aid and Montessori, no uniforms, their only style warmth and cheer."

Such whimsy is rare in Dubus' fiction. At their best, his stories play on the nerve ends more than the mind. They are neither arrangements of *aperçus* nor attenuated epiphanies; they try to make the reader feel first and ask questions later. It is fashionable at the moment to praise stories that are light, deft, clever and feathery, and Dubus' are not. But they convincingly render experience. The slices of life that he sets forth may not be to everyone's taste, but no one can deny his talent or generosity. — **Paul Gray**

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Books

Recessional

A GENTLE OCCUPATION
by Dirk Bogarde
Knopf; 360 pages; $10.95

The abrupt surrender of Japan in 1945 left British forces holding, unwillingly and uncomfortably, much of what had been the Dutch empire in Southeast Asia. Nationalistic and anticolonial pressures were building among the Asian populations of the islands, and the former Dutch rulers were dead or not yet repatriated from Japanese prison camps. The job of the British was more easily stated than accomplished: to get out, leaving behind an orderly civilian government. Given the realities and the prejudices of the time, this meant a Dutch government. Yet the surviving Dutch resented the British for not crushing the freedom fighters, and the guerrillas lobbed

Dirk Bogarde
More easily stated than accomplished.

their grenades impartially at any white skin.

So Actor and Memoirist Dirk Bogarde (*A Postillion Struck by Lightning, Snakes and Ladders*) sketches matters in this remarkably deft and moving first novel. It was a bad time and place to draw garrison duty, as he himself learned when, as a young officer who had fought in Europe with British army intelligence, he was posted to the Dutch East Indies at the war's end.

For the purposes of the novel, Bogarde has invented a large island called Paradise in the Java Sea, and a well-born young captain named Rooke, an actor in civilian life, who is sent there as a replacement. Rooke's first responses to the island are dismay and drunkenness, but duty and friendship draw him into the life of his regiment and the battered port city where it is stationed.

Ironies abound. Neither war nor peace prevails, and although both the military occupation and the colonial system

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Books

clearly are coming to their ends, only military and colonial rigidities allow life on the island to function at all. The cynical attitudes of otherwise good men come glaringly into view.

Bogarde's hero, Rooke, ages and deepens during the course of a year, and a final irony is that he is so drawn in the end by his military occupation that he considers becoming a professional warrior. The general who dissuades him is one of a dozen or more of Bogarde's characters who are too sharply drawn to be easily forgotten. The writer is a gifted observer, and it will be interesting to see now whether he turns his talents to a novel about acting. — *John Skow*

Editors' Choice

FICTION: Falling in Place, *Ann Beattie* Doctor Fischer of Geneva or the Bomb Party, *Graham Greene* • Life Before Man, *Margaret Atwood* Morgan's Passing, *Anne Tyler* Neighbors, *Thomas Berger* Preparations for the Ascent, *Gilbert Rogin* • The Marriages Between Zones Three, Four, and Five, *Doris Lessing*

NONFICTION: Gladys, Duchess of Marlborough, *Hugo Vickers* Maybe, *Lillian Hellman* Philosophy and Public Policy, *Sidney Hook* • The Oak and the Calf, *Alexander Solzhenitsyn* • The Return of Eva Perón, *V.S. Naipaul* Thirty Seconds, *Michael J. Arlen* Wilderness of Mirrors, *David C. Martin*

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Random Winds, *Plain (2 last week)*
2. The Bourne Identity, *Ludlum (3)*
3. Princess Daisy, *Krantz (1)*
4. No Love Lost, *Van Slyke (4)*
5. Man, Woman and Child, *Segal*
6. The Devil's Alternative, *Forsyth (6)*
7. The Magic Labyrinth, *Farmer*
8. The Spike, *De Borchgrave & Moss (8)*
9. The Ninja, *Lustbader (7)*
10. The Girl in a Swing, *Adams*

NONFICTION

1. Thy Neighbor's Wife, *Talese (7)*
2. Donahue, *Donahue & Co. (1)*
3. Free to Choose, *Milton & Rose Friedman (3)*
4. The Real War, *Nixon (5)*
5. Men in Love, *Friday (4)*
6. Will, *Liddy (6)*
7. Jim Fixx's Second Book of Running, *Fixx*
8. Aunt Erma's Cope Book, *Bombeck (2)*
9. Nothing Down, *Allen (8)*
10. The Third Wave, *Toffler (10)*

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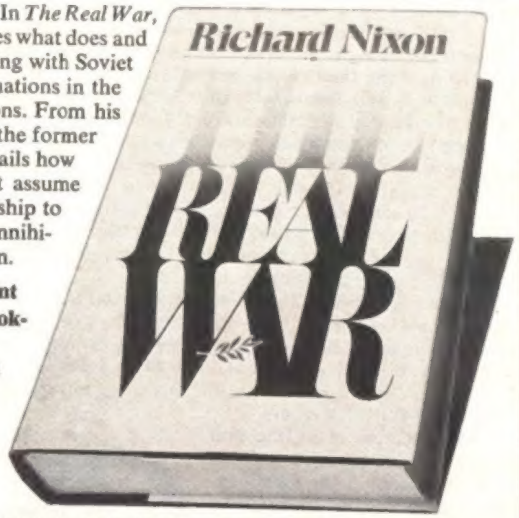

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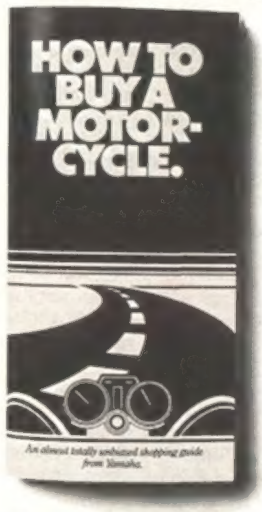

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Time Essay

The Human Need to Break Records

When Albuquerque Businessman Maxie Anderson, 45, and his son Kris, 23, completed the first nonstop transcontinental balloon flight in May, the four-day voyage of 2,818 miles from Fort Baker, Calif., to Ste. Félicité, Quebec, set a world record for overland flight. Another, more esoteric record was achieved in April by Jerry Dietrick, 56, of Florence, Ky., who became the first pilot to fly solo from Cincinnati to London to Munich in a single- engine plane of the 3,850-lb. to 6,414-lb. class.

Such record-setting news scratches up a brief twitch of public interest and a flurry of deserved hurrahs. Yet the tidings of singular achievement seem less and less to arouse genuine excitement. New records come along so frequently, and in so many categories, that it is impossible to work up the appropriate celebratory mood for every one of them. The exceptional is in danger of becoming commonplace.

Three volunteers at Duke University in Durham, N.C., set a world record this spring when they spent 28 days in a pressure tank to simulate a dive 2,132 ft. into the sea. To raise money for the American Heart Association, Ohio State University students played a 4,378-seat game of musical chairs last month and broke the old record of 3,728 chairs.

The business of setting and topping records has got completely out of hand in the 20th century. Merely keeping track of records requires the toil of a considerable industry and the regular publication of hundreds of thick books with fine print. Scores of thousands of new records are claimed every year. There would be a surfeit even if the world of sports did not chip in its promiscuous confetti of records.

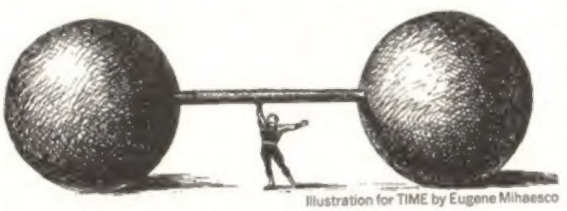

Illustration for TIME by Eugene Mihaesco

And quasi records: Pete Rose of the Philadelphia Phillies walked and then stole his way around the bases a few games ago, becoming the first National League player to do that since Harvey Hendrick of Brooklyn in 1928.

Every other day somebody does something that has never been done before. Or else repeats some improbable feat—only faster, deeper, higher, with different equipment or at a different age. The act of dying is one of the very few human activities that do not stir up competitive fever among people. "After Sir Edmund Hillary," says Boston *Globe* Columnist M.R. Montgomery, "you can climb Everest on a pogo stick without attracting envy or admiration." But, in fact, once the notion of climbing a mountain by pogo stick has been conceived, it would not be surprising if somebody had a go at it.

At 57, Coca-Cola Heiress Frances Woodruff of Atlanta is said to be the oldest woman ever to ride and fly a hang glider. In Pampa, Texas, Plumber Ronnie Farmer, 29, ate 100 hot jalapeño *peppers in 15 minutes, destroying the previous record (94 in 111 minutes) and probably his innards as well. In Japan, Hideaki Tomoyori has learned to carry the mathematical formulation pi (3.141 etc.) to 20,000 places, putting to shame his own earlier record of 15,151 places.*

It was not always this way. While it is true that St. Simeon the Younger, the 6th century Syrian monk, perched on a stone pillar for 45 years, he did it not to claim a record but to elevate his soul. It was not until late in the 19th century that the notion of *setting* a record even occurred in sports literature. Only in the 20th has record-consciousness grown into a worldwide obsession. Scholars say that record keeping took hold mainly because of the scientific revolution's tendency to quantify and rank everything. The preoccupation with records, and the breaking thereof, pervaded sports early in this century and spread, much too quickly, to virtually every other field of endeavor.

A North Carolina youth, Lang Martin, holds the record for balancing golf balls vertically: he stacked up six of them. A Northeast Louisiana University student, Arden Chapman, caught in his mouth a grape thrown the longest distance—259 ft.

It is easy to understand the performer's urge to do the improbable, the difficult, the unique, the best. Claiming a record, any record, provides massage to the ego, varnish for the pride and a tic of celebrity. To hold a record, in the words of Allen Guttmann, professor of American Studies at Amherst College, "is a uniquely modern form of immortality."

Johann Heinrich Karl Thieme of Aldenburg, Germany, dug a record 23,311 graves during a 50-year career as a sexton. Though he entered his own final resting place in 1826, he lives on—if nowhere else—in the Guinness Book of World Records.

The *Guinness Book* is proof that spectators, no less than performers, have been thoroughly infected with the obsession of recorditis. The public avidly eats up records of just about everything on earth: the biggest or highest or fastest or heaviest or deepest or oddest of natural or manmade wonders. Just such a smorgasbord is what the *Guinness Book* has offered since it first came out in 1955. It has now sold 40 million copies in 23 languages worldwide, 25 million in the U.S. alone.

Inspired by Mark Gottlieb of Olympia, Wash., who set a record for playing the violin under water, Japan has come up with an entire underwater orchestra, a first. To raise funds for a local charity, a man and a woman in Des Moines lovingly sat in tubs of vanilla pudding for 24 hr. 34 min. 20 sec., the only record ever set for a pudding sit—but one that will no doubt be challenged.

The urge to do something better, something distinct, is the very essence of human nature. Constant individual competition is only one manifestation of the impulse that is, in its deeper workings, nothing less than the engine for the advancement of the species. This was no doubt so even in unrecorded ages. Now that society has become so proficient at keeping records as a way of celebrating the competitive trait, it is no wonder that people get so carried away in the making and breaking of them. Moreover, the likelihood is that in the future, well . . .

Stanley Cottrell, 37, of Atlanta sprinted out of New York City in mid-May, intending to run the 3,049 miles to San Francisco somewhat faster than the 53 days that it took Irishman Tom McGrath in 1977. One wondered whether Cottrell's path might cross that of Joe Bowen, 36, who is currently walking on stilts from California to Kentucky, and has already broken the distance record set by another stiltwalker who strode 1,830 miles on the sticks from Paris to Moscow in 1891.

The future thus seems clear. The reaching for new records will never let up. Moreover, it should not be put down just because it leads to some ridiculous results. It would make as little sense to disparage the artistic impulse only because it produces, along with much that is noble, a great deal that is silly.

In the end, the constant striving of people to do better than others—or than themselves—arises out of whatever sets the human species apart. All creatures compete, but for most the contest is only for the food and space to survive, to hold their own. Only humans striving for more than mere survival have elaborated competitiveness into the cultural imperative that it is. The obsession with setting records is finally inextricable from the human determination to rise above the past. — ***Frank Trippett***

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